# THE POWER-HOUSE AT PATHANKOT

Mary J. Campbell

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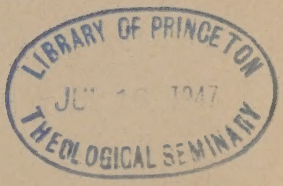
THE POWER-HOUSE AT
PATHANKOT

THE "LITTLE CHURCH."
The place of the beginning of the Temperance Society, and of the Prem Sangat; the "Power-House at Pathankot."

# The Power-House at Pathankot

WHAT SOME GIRLS OF INDIA
WROUGHT BY PRAYER




BY
MARY J. CAMPBELL

*ILLUSTRATED*

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BY
THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
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NORTH AMERICA

TO
THE GIRLS OF AVALON HIGH SCHOOL,
PATHANKOT,
WHOSE INTERCESSIONS HAVE BROUGHT
DOWN SUCH UNNUMBERED BLESSINGS,
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED.

# INTRODUCTION

The author of "The Power-House at Pathankot" went to her field of labor in the Punjab, India, in 1884, where she has served without interruption since that time. Going to the field while only a girl and having unusual linguistic ability, she mastered the Punjabi language as few Europeans have done. Being possessed with strong human sympathy and a great passion for souls, she has been given a place of high regard and wide influence among Indians of all classes. On the subject of missions in India her words carry weight because of her experience and success.

This is a time of the intensest study of the science of missions, of the testing and application of methods that will secure efficiency in mission work, and of the co-ordinating of the forces engaged in the great enterprise. It seems to be the end of an old epoch in world evangelization and the beginning of a new one.

In the midst of such discussions and testings

and immediately facing a period that will certainly be one of thorough reconstruction, a book which is purely a narrative of results obtained through the application of the simplest and most fundamental of all mission methods, must be of great value, both for confirmation and for suggestion. This will be particularly true when the writer is a missionary of experience and one whose work has been crowned with unusual success.

Miss Campbell has been asked to write this book to depict most intimately and personally her experiences in connection with the promotion of the cause of temperance in India. She was enlisted in this great movement in a way quite unplanned for and quite unexpected. Serving with her accustomed devotion, such results were obtained in a few years as to be truly marvelous. Indeed the results were such as to attract the attention of the government of India which conferred upon her the Kaisar-i-Hind medal, a decoration given for some conspicuous public service. Miss Campbell has had a wide experience in various forms of missionary activity, both evangelistic and educational. The later years of her service have been spent in establishing and conducting a high school for girls at Pathankot. In the following pages she

has written particularly of the beginning and development of the temperance work.

The book is a vivid recital of how intimately God will work with those who will believe Him and obey Him. There are miracles that the author has not recounted because to do so would have involved such added description and explanation as were not permitted by the scope of this book. What has been recorded is abundant proof that Jehovah's hand is not shortened, nor His ear heavy.

Miss Campbell has made a contribution not only to missionary literature but to temperance literature as well. She has set forth a striking piece of applied Christianity which should be suggestive to those at home and abroad. Her ambition in the writing of the book has been to tell of what God has done for this great cause in answer to prayer. She will be amply repaid for her labor and for having so intimately spoken of her own life and service if others are inspired to a stronger faith in God and a more devoted service.

W. B. ANDERSON.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 25, 1918.

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# ALLIES IN PRAYER

## CHAPTER I

## ALLIES IN PRAYER

ONE crisp winter morning as I was hurrying across the road from the school to the new hall, I was saluted by a tall, dignified Mohammedan, the sanitary inspector of the town. I recognized him as one who had in my early days in Pathankot taught the people to beware of our pernicious teaching. Now he stood and looked down upon me with a kindly smile as he addressed me.

"I was just thinking of former days, Miss Sahiba, as you came out of the gate. I was thinking how God had honored your faith in giving you all these fine buildings. Do you know your place has become the pride of the town? No other part is to be compared with it. Often we old people, as we sit in our homes, talk about the way you came in and settled down on what we all considered a haunted place. Why, before you came our people would walk a mile out of the way to avoid this place. They said a curse rested on it, that each leaf of that banyan tree in front of your school was the home of an evil spirit. We wondered if you knew this when

you so bravely began erecting your school buildings. We waited to see what would happen. The plague came and carried off five hundred of our people, but you, your girls and helpers, all escaped. Building after building went up and nothing untoward happened to you. Then gradually our fears left us and now we all love to come out here to this beautiful spot. Surely God is great and His blessing rests upon you!"

Thanking him for his words of appreciation, I passed on to the hall across the road, and while I gave orders for the day to the head workman, my heart beat faster as I pondered on the changed attitude not only of this stern, unrelenting Mohammedan, but of nearly all our fellow townsmen. I knew why, and thanked God, standing there with the bright sunshine all about me. The glory of the Master seemed hovering over the place.

A Hindu Reformer, one of the sane sort, came over from the City of the Golden Temple one day to visit the Girls' Christian School in the old town of Pathankot, a journey of sixty-six miles by the North Western Railway. He was interested in the lines of work carried on for the uplift of India's people. He had heard something about the way God had supplied the needs of the institution and being a man of faith in God, even though a Hindu, he wanted

to have a talk with the principal, and to hear from her lips the story of God's intervention in her behalf, and to see with his own eyes what God had done for her and for the Punjabi girls in her school. He was accompanied by another Hindu gentleman, a lawyer from a town nearby, who had received his degree of LL.B. from an English University.

I was glad of the opportunity to tell them of God's goodness to me, and bade them welcome to my home. Together we went from room to room in the beautiful school building as I told them of my desire for the womanhood of India, and of how this school was founded primarily for girls of ability who could not afford to attend the other high schools of the Punjab. As they stood for a few minutes before an open double window in a dormitory on the second floor and feasted their eyes on a long vista of snow capped peaks of the Himalayas, I told them that when the *desire* came, there was no money, there were no girls and that we were shut away in this remote corner of the Punjab, in a town that had no ambition except to worship its gods of stone morning and evening. They followed with ever-growing interest the story of how all they now beheld came in answer to prayer,—the land bit by bit, the money for the buildings, and best of all, the merry-hearted girls who now filled the

buildings with songs and laughter all day long.

The building which they so much admired had been prayed for daily for months, then money began coming, and after five years' continuous work, with fifty workmen on duty eight months of the year, this was the result. It had been pronounced both "strong and beautiful" by an expert building committee. It was a gift from a loving Father's hand.

"Yes," said one of the gentlemen, "and worth far more to India's ultimate good than that 'dream in marble' on the banks of the Jumna, built by Shah Jehan, with 20,000 workmen laboring for a period of 20 years." The dining room, its long tables scoured white, the cupboards with neat rows of dishes, the color scheme of the room with the artistic border drawn by a girl in the senior class, all called forth words of approbation. "Just see," said one, "what our Punjabi girls can do when given an opportunity."

The kitchen was next visited and the two visitors turned in surprise when they saw a group of girls singing and talking merrily as they deftly rolled out and flattened into shape hundreds of unleavened cakes for the noonday meal. "Are these the girls," they asked, "who help you in prayer, these good little housekeepers, and do they do all this aside from their regular lessons in this high school?" When an-

GIRLS AND TEACHERS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.
This picture was taken by the trunk of a huge banyan tree.

swered in the affirmative, they said, "This is indeed remarkable. We know how difficult our boys find it to prepare for the matriculation examination by giving all their time to study alone. Your girls help in every department of the domestic life of the school and still do well in the university examination. We saw published in the Gazette that all your girls who appeared in the late examination passed, while only one third of the boys in the Punjab were successful."

I quietly answered, "God helps us, otherwise our work would be a failure."

I told them I had one more room to show them ere they left the school premises, and that was the best loved spot of all. I led them across the quadrangle with its tennis courts, up the flower-bordered path, into a wide verandah, and opened the door into a room that was devoid of all furniture and decoration except some matting on the floor and a few Scripture texts on the walls. It was full of golden sunshine. I said to them, "This is our Prayer Room. Into this place our girls come singly or in groups to meet with God, and He hears and has given us all that you have seen."

With tears in their eyes they looked reverently at the sacred spot, and the Reformer said, slowly, "I begin to understand. Please show us over the whole place."

I then guided them across the road to the Little Church, "the House of God" they called it, and told them simply of how God had given us money and building material for it. I next showed them the dispensary for women and children just back of it, nestled so modestly under the shadow of the old fort, and told them of the daily attendance of a hundred or more women and children who flock into its secluded enclosure for the help which they always so lovingly receive from the nurses. It was a joy to witness again to the prayer-answering God who had put it into the hearts of our fellow-townsmen, Hindus and Mohammedans, to give largely toward the erection of the building, while one had given the land for the building. It took two years' prayer to get this, but God was faithful and gave us just what we asked for.

With a prayer for the visitors, I led them across the road to the new building that was under erection, and bade them listen to the almost miraculous way God was helping in erecting a commodious hall for the accommodation of the rapidly growing temperance society. I told them the story of money prayed out of Hindu money-lenders' pockets, out of officials' and policemen's pockets, out of farmers' and coolies' pockets, and of how it was gladly given

Pointing to thirty or more workmen busily engaged on the rising walls of the new hall I continued, "Many of these men whom you see working here are smokers, but before undertaking this work each mason, carpenter and coolie promised to abstain from smoking while at work on this building. That Mohammedan who is so skillfully carving the brick for the arched doorway finds it hard to do without a smoke from seven in the morning until noon, then again from one until sunset, but he wouldn't think of breaking his promise. Not a cigarette, pipe or *huqqa* could you find inside this wall. They call this the 'Second House of God in Pathankot.'"

Then turning to the two men I said, "I've told you so little, and that so poorly of the way God hears and helps us, His little ones. My heart is full. I long for you to know and love my Saviour too."

The Reformer who had been deeply touched now said, "Sister, hear my one request and please grant it. Secure a beautiful white marble tablet and have engraved on it these words, 'All This in Answer to Prayer,' and have it placed out here where the roads meet, so that all who pass by may *see* and *read* and *understand*."

Before taking the evening train back to the City of the Golden Temple, I asked the Reformer to tell me what it was that led him out into the

great work he was doing for temperance. This is what he told me.

When only a child his young heart had been fired with hatred of drink because of the sobs and cries of a woman that reached his ears from the other side of the wall that separated his house from his neighbor's. One day he said to his mother, "Amman dear, I'm going over to the neighbor and ask her why she weeps." "Very well, Light of My Eyes, go," replied the fond mother.

When the little fellow entered the dark room, he stole up softly to the side of a young woman who was huddled up in a corner and touching her gently he said, "Sister, why do you weep?"

In reply she pointed to a tiny cupboard in the wall and said, "The *Thing* inside that is the cause of my weeping. It makes my husband crazy. Then he beats me and oh, I'm so lonely. I wish I could die."

Climbing up on a stool and peering into the cupboard, he found nothing but a black bottle from which came an evil smell.

Afterwards when his mother explained it so well that he understood something of the tragedy in the neighbor's home he said to her, "Amman dear, when I'm a man I'll go out and preach against this *Thing* that makes our neighbor sister weep all day long."

The childish resolve grew so intense that while still a lad in his teens he took such a strong stand for temperance that he was once debarred from school.

Lala Nand Lal, for this is the name of the Reformer, is known and loved in many parts of India today because of the step he took that day in defense of the suffering womanhood of India from the demon Drink.

One afternoon in July a Mohammedan gentleman, the Secretary of the municipality, came out to call on us. He had been very outspoken in his antagonism to the Christian religion. The Little Church was tolerated because there seemed no way of uprooting it, but he would not countenance it by even looking inside its doors. Now, however, this bitterness was passing away under the pressure of a burden that had fallen upon him. He remembered the Miss Sahiba and had come to ask her to share it, and if possible help remove it. After the usual salutation he began: "Miss Sahiba, we are fully persuaded that you have our good ever before your eyes. The school for girls and the dispensary for our sick women and little ones bear testimony to this. We are grateful. I've come out today to ask you to help in a new undertaking. Miss Sahiba, you may not realize it, but our town is being ruined by drink." Here he gave a long sigh.

"What!" I repeated with surprise, "Our town being ruined by drink! Surely it is not so bad as that. I've seen very few people in India under the influence of drink."

"What can I say to you? Your work does not take you near the drink shop. If you would go down some evening about five you would find many men and boys lined up waiting their turn to get liquor. Their poor families know what I say is true.

"Miss Sahiba, here is one fact that is convincing. Ten years ago our one liquor shop paid three hundred rupees ($100.00) for license; this year it paid twelve thousand rupees ($4,000.00). Surely somebody's boys are learning to drink when such a high license can be afforded."

I was dismayed over this revelation and knew full well what the outcome would be if India's people should once come under the sway of King Alcohol.

"And not only is our town being ruined," he continued, "but all over the Punjab the habit is laying hold of our young men, and if reports are true it is worse down in Hindustan than here.

"I am grateful to Allah that my own family has escaped. My sons detest it as much as I do, and, by God's help, they shall never touch it. But, Miss Sahiba, my heart aches for the poor

fathers and mothers whose sons are being destroyed. You remember R—, the banker who died a few years ago and left a widow and three children? The eldest son, Amr Nath, was then only eleven years of age, now he is nineteen. He drinks heavily. He has squandered thousands of his patrimony. His mother is dying from grief. She visits my home frequently and with bitter tears begs me to save her boy. I cannot remain silent any longer. This is the reason of my visit to you today. Please do organize a temperance society in our town and agitate the question until our people see the evil."

My heart was filled with sorrow at what I heard, and I knew the Secretary was speaking the truth. Quickly I resolved that I must give aid to this cause, and said to him, "You may depend upon my help in combating this evil. This is July. My school closes for the long holidays August 1st and will not reopen until October. As soon as possible after that I shall send for you, and together we will plan a campaign against this evil." Thanking me most courteously, he left, saying, "I feel sure God's blessing will rest upon this work."

School holidays came and went. The Sialkot Convention filled up the last eight days of September. Then followed two busy weeks in the annual mission meeting. It was November be-

fore I could fulfill the promise made to the Secretary, though it had not been forgotten for one day. I sent word to his office one morning that now I was free to talk over plans for the inauguration of temperance in Pathankot.

The Secretary soon appeared accompanied by his assistant. Having had all the plans carefully thought out, I opened the conversation by suggesting that first of all an organization should be formed. I then asked if there was any hope that the leading men, the official class, would become interested.

"I'm afraid not now," was the answer, "for it is the present day fashion, alas, to drink, and offer drink, at all dinner parties, and no formal call is up to date without drink. Western ways are not good for our people. There are men in our town who use two bottles of whisky daily in entertaining their friends. Never mind, Miss Sahiba, if at first we do not succeed in getting the influential classes, let us make a start among the poor who suffer most. The children may be saved and that will repay us."

"Secondly," I continued, "we shall need a meeting place, a hall or room which will accommodate those who join us." I had thought this over carefully and knew the only suitable place in the town where such a gathering could be accommodated would be the church. Here was

the crux. I knew this man's feelings toward the church, that he passed by it, as did so many others, with a look of haughty disdain. What would his reply be to the suggestion?

With some hesitation I said to him, "I've thought about a building suitable for our work, and we missionaries are willing to give you the use of our Little Church. This is an unusual use to make of a church but we believe this cause is for God's glory and we freely offer it to you."

Imagine my relief when he looked up with a grateful smile and said, "How good of you to place your house of worship at our disposal! We are thankful." Surely the prayers of the dear girls were being heard in a remarkable way, prejudice just melting away in this devout Moslem's heart.

Back in the summer of 1913 a great burden for the souls of the 7,000 Pathankot people fell upon us, a burden too heavy to bear alone. It was not enough that the dear school children were safe in Jesus, or that the congregation had an occasional accession. What would our Lord say about the great unsaved multitudes? Was there not enough power at our disposal to win these to love the Lord?

Gradually this burden began to be assumed by the school girls, for I often spoke of it at

the time of evening prayers. One evening a suggestion was made that the people of the town be divided into groups and that the school be divided into praying bands for these groups. This additional bit of prayer was gladly undertaken by the earnest girls. Two lists of those to be prayed for, with the names of the intercessors, were made out neatly in English. One list was placed on the front wall of the church, the other in the prayer room.

Little Firoza, daughter of a pastor, felt the burden so keenly that she wept over the unsaved people. One evening she prayed, "Oh, dear Lord Jesus, we love Thee and we do want our Pathankot people to love Thee too. They are afraid of this church; some of them hate it. Please make them love Thy house. Lord Jesus, do please fill up our church with people." So they prayed for one, two, three months.

And now God's answer was coming, for on November 14, 1913, the sweet tones of the church bell told Pathankot people that a temperance society was going to be organized that night inside the sacred walls. A drum beater had announced the fact up and down the dark streets of the town that day.

The news was greeted with various emotions and exclamations. The well-to-do drinking classes smiled incredulously and said, "What has the

Miss Sahiba in mind now? Why should she try to take drink away from us? Doesn't she know it is the fashion for men of social standing to drink?"

Others said, "It is a good work, and she is doing it for our good. Who knows but that she may be successful?"

The liquor dealer smiled and frowned by turns. "She can't hurt my trade," he said. "I have the government back of me. Why," and here he swelled up proudly before the men who were drawn up in line for their evening potion, "I help to fill the coffers of the great government. I paid twelve thousand rupees for the privilege this year. She may influence a few of the poorer classes and some of the bigoted Mohammedans who think it a sin to drink, but I'm not afraid of losing my trade."

Turning to a thin, trembling Hindu youth who was standing with out-stretched hands for the black bottle, he said in a bantering tone, "Well, Amr Nath, here is your bottle. You are my best customer. Be careful that the Miss Sahiba does not get you under her control. Be a man and refuse to have your liberty taken from you by any woman."

Down in Brahmin street when the drum beater announced to the shut-in women that a temperance society was to be organized, the widowed

mother of Amr Nath, with eyes weak and swollen from much weeping, said "Oh, how I've misjudged that Miss Sahiba. I thought her only care was for her school of Christian girls, and the outcastes, but this news fills me with hope. She does care for us suffering Hindu women. Oh, Ram," she prayed, "make my boy give up drink. How often has he struck me, his mother, and beaten with his shoes his beautiful young bride until her father came and took her back home, Oh, how he has disgraced us! Ram! Ram!" Some of the neighbor women said, "You are not the only sufferer. They say every man and boy in this town drinks. Blessings be on the Miss Sahiba! If she succeeds we'll all put on our finest silk *sarees* and go out in a body some day and thank her."

The Mohammedan Secretary and I stood inside the church door to welcome the men who had heard the call and had come. We were ably supported by several stalwart Sikhs, members of the Men's Bible Class, who had already given up drink through the Scripture teaching, and were now red-hot temperance workers.

Little Kirpu, the son of one who had given up even a moderate use of liquor, had come to me, one evening, and standing beside my chair told me in his innocent childish way that last night his father had come in from a friend's

LITTLE KIRPU.
A typical Hindu boy dressed in his "Sunday best."

home and said, "Never again will I touch liquor. Some day the Miss Sahiba will find it out, and how ashamed I shall be."

"O Kirpu," I said, "surely your papa does not drink."

"I don't know," he replied, shaking his little head solemnly, "but I heard him say those words."

The danger into which Kirpu's father had fallen put a new zeal into my heart for the cause of temperance. He had been a most trusted helper for years. That night he and his friend took the stand for temperance. Never again did Kirpu's father touch it. He worked most earnestly a few months to save others from this curse, then fell ill. When on his death bed he was afraid the doctor was going to give him an alcoholic stimulant to deaden the excruciating pain from which he was suffering, he closed his teeth firmly and said, "I accept death, but not this drink which I solemnly vowed in the church never to touch again."

That first evening, the birthday of Temperance, nay Prohibition, in Pathankot, one hundred and fifty men and boys came inside the House of God and helped to organize a Men's Temperance Society. I was not surprised when unanimously chosen their leader, for leaders were scarce, but I had some apprehension about

stepping out as a leader of men and told them so. Quietly they assured me that they counted me as a sister or a mother. I then tested them again, saying, "If I become your president, I shall open every meeting with prayer. My hope is in prayer."

Would these Hindus, Sikhs and Mohammedans stand for this? Would they co-operate heartily with a Christian in the church and have each meeting opened with prayer in the name of Jesus Christ?

Again the Secretary of the municipality who had been elected secretary of the newly-formed organization arose and said, "Miss Sahiba, it is because of your prayers that we have appointed you our leader. This warfare cannot be waged successfully without prayer."

Again and again, under the most trying circumstances did the Mohammedan brother stand firmly with me in the matter of prayer. In new places where work was opened, after the introductions were over he would say, "Now, in accordance with our custom the Miss Sahiba will open the meeting with prayer."

Only once in three years' warfare with drink among thousands of non-Christians did we find one objector. He was a rabid, green-turbaned Mohammedan, who came into the church one evening for the first time, and on hearing the

meeting closed with prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, he laid hold of both his ears and shrieked out, "She's praying in the name of Jesus! I can't listen to this blasphemy."

The Secretary arose in his quiet dignity and said, "Brother, be quiet, this is our *custom.*"

Custom! How often had the missionaries bewailed the cast-iron "custom" of India! And now behold it, too, was working for God's glory.

After the organization had been duly effected that momentous evening in the Little Church, I arose and read to the audience a Hindustani translation of the W. C. T. U. pledge which had been copied into a blank book. In India the pledge does not prohibit the use of alcohol as a medicine. Later the men of their own accord, made their pledge "bone dry," not allowing their members to use it even for medicinal purposes, fearing some might be tempted to prescribe it as medicine for themselves, or else bribe a physician to do so.

That first evening forty men bravely stepped out and signed their names under the freshly written pledge in the little book.

The new work was launched and the results could with perfect quietness be left in the keeping of Him who said, "If you ask—I will do."

I went back to my girls in the quiet prayer hour and told them what God had wrought.

They promised to be faithful allies in prayer until victory for the Prince of Peace was won in old Pathankot.

# A PRAYER TROPHY

## CHAPTER II

## A PRAYER TROPHY

THE attendance at the second meeting of the society was not so good as on the night of the organization. The liquor forces had been at work strengthening their followers against the curtailment of their liberties. Also the winter rains had set in and the night of the fourteenth was wet and cold. Only fifty men ventured out, but these were full of hope for the future. The Secretary was undaunted. Several new members were added.

I realized full well that nothing but persevering prayer would be able to remove this evil from our midst. The girls and I spent much time in prayer for wisdom and guidance. We felt our helplessness in the face of this giant wrong.

Before the day set for the third meeting, we sent out personal notes to all the leading officials of the town asking them to please honor the temperance meeting with their presence and so show the people that they sympathized with the object for which the society was started. We reminded them that the evil habit was

spreading rapidly all over India and that their own young men were in danger. Would they not rally to the aid of this reform movement?

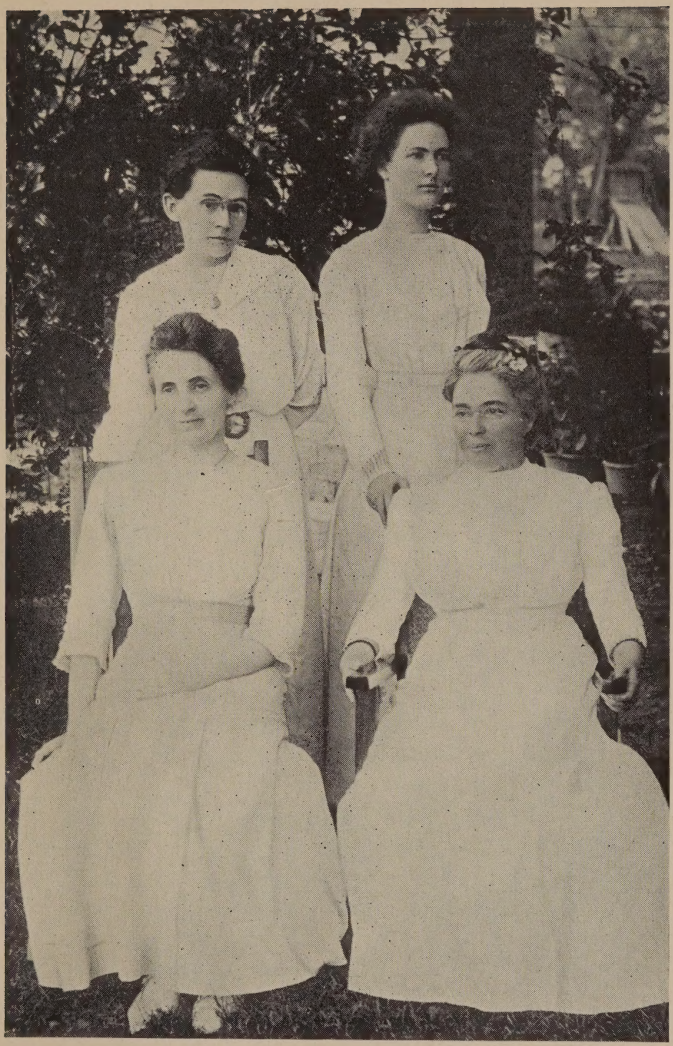
When the notes were ready I called the father of little Kirpu, now an earnest advocate of prohibition, and bade him deliver the missives with his own hands.

Then more prayer, and the day for the third meeting was awaited with hope and longing. Again the church bell rang out the good news that the time for another temperance meeting had come. The Little Church was all in order. The school girls had sent over some of their flowers for decoration.

As I stepped across the road from the school to the church I was glad to see the men of the town coming up the road in groups of tens and twelves. They came straight to the church door and without the least hesitation walked in and sat down, crowding every bench full. Still they came, rich and poor, Hindu and Mohammedan, until there was scarcely standing room left.

My heart was full and I knew the tears were near the surface.

Presently a hush fell over the audience as someone whispered, "The Chief Magistrate is coming." Instantly the whole assembly arose respectfully and, crowding in a little closer,



SOME WORKERS AT PATHANKOT.
Standing at the left of the picture is Miss Bessie Campbell, and at the right Miss Louise E. Scott. Seated at the left of the picture is Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, and at the right the author.

made way for this official and his suite to pass through to a front row of chairs held in reserve, up beside the Miss Sahiba. I noticed with deep gratitude that nearly all the officials had come with him.

By this time the church could not hold another person,—benches, aisles, platform were all filled. The open windows even showed eager faces, and outside hundreds stood trying to catch something of what was being said.

Quietly and reverently the hundreds listened while I stood with bowed head and asked God's blessing to rest on the temperance organization and on every member. The prayer was followed by a temperance song, sung by a brother who had dedicated his life to this cause. Then he spoke to the audience for a half hour and they listened to him spellbound as he so graphically pictured in the sweet Punjabi tongue the sorrows and woes of a drunkard's life. He reminded them that the evil of drinking was growing, the increase of revenue clearly proving it. He said that Hindus and Mohammedans had been teetotalers for ages, and that the time had now come when they must insist on retaining total abstinence. Indians seldom drink moderately. It is not their nature to be moderate. When they drink, they drink to death.

He also said, "I feel sure that there will be a great blessing here tonight, for the Miss Sahiba prayed and that prayer will be answered."

After he had finished I arose and addressing the sobered, thoughtful men, most earnestly asked them if they would not all do tonight what their hearts were telling them was the only right thing to do. Who would be first to arise, come forward and sign the pledge?

I was looking over the grave faces of some of the poorer classes in the back part of the building for a response, when I was startled by a voice close beside me saying, "Miss Sahiba, I will be the first to sign the pledge tonight, and by the help of Ishwar (God) I will never taste another drop." It was the Chief Magistrate, the man who held sway over 200,000 people, who had arisen from his chair and was speaking to me. I heard as one in a dream. Could it be true that the highest official of the place was on our side? That this dignified Hindu gentleman was promising to give up all drink and join the little company of those who had set their faces against it? Surely God was working!

I could only smile my gratitude through tears, and wait for what was to follow. The next to arise was the wealthiest Sikh landowner in the town, a handsome, middle-aged man, but with a face that had plainly written on it the story

of his dissipated life. Lifting up his right hand, he said, "Brothers, you all know me, you know what a hard drinker I've been, and how I've squandered thousands. I also promise tonight to give it all up."

Oh, what a struggle he would have! Wealthy, generous, friendly, he was mingling with bad company, with those who thought they were following European ways of drinking. Would he be able to keep the pledge? How much prayer would be needed to uphold these during the trying days that would follow!

Now the Chief Magistrate spoke out. "Where is Amr Nath? I want him to come forward and sign the pledge."

Poor, trembling Amr Nath, with the smell of liquor oozing out from every pore, came up beside the Chief Magistrate and listened while he said, "Amr Nath, your mother's tears make me weep. I don't consider you worth saving. You are a disgrace to your father's name and to your town, but for the mother's sake, I'm going to help you to be a man. Will you sign the pledge tonight?"

What else could he do when thus commanded by his magistrate, whose every request was a command?

The ice was broken. So many pressed forward to sign the pledge that I found myself

almost crushed, but, oh, the joy in my heart! Here was a Sikh forestry officer with a face bloated and purple from drinking, being led forward by his only son who hated this evil thing. Here came a Sikh schoolmaster who had lost a fortune through rum and who only a few days before had sold the last of his brass dishes for drink. So on they came, these poor men who wanted deliverance, until page after page of the pledge book was filled with signatures.

The liquor seller who sat on a back seat, no longer able to endure the sight, arose and with curses pronounced on the temperance society and all connected with it, left the House of God and went down the dark street to his dirty, evil-smelling abode. "I'll get them all back," he muttered. "I know that before many hours have passed away they will be crying out for drink."

When all was quiet again I said, "Brothers, I believe God has given me a motto for our organization. Here it is," and I wrote out in large letters on the blackboard,

"Temperance, Purity and Unity."

"Do you accept it?"

"We most certainly do," said the Magistrate. "It pleases us well."

Then I showed them a box full of the white ribbon bows and explained that the color *white* stood for *purity* and that they should not only

keep free from drink, but from all its attendant evils; that God demands clean lives from men as well as women. Many faces fell, and I knew, alas, that with perhaps only one or two exceptions, not one could point to an unsullied life. I thanked God that now in their great need of One mighty to save, some would find my Saviour.

"The little bow signifies unity," I continued. "We people in India, yes, right here in Pathankot, are so far separated from each other. You Hindus sit off in your big mansions in your end of the town grumbling at the rest of us. You Mohammedans look with disfavor on both Hindu and Christian, and we poor Christians, having been counted as nothing by both of you, in turn have not been so friendly as we should have been. Now shall we not *unite* to put down this common evil?"

Again the Chief Magistrate became spokesman and said:

"Gentlemen, I move you that *caste* be banished from this sacred place; that caste be forbidden to enter the church door; that while in this hallowed place we be brethren united to put down this evil, which, as our respected speaker showed us tonight, is ruining our homes and country."

Then turning to the Miss Sahiba he said, "Kindly pin the white ribbon on my coat. I'll count it an honor to wear this sacred badge."

Only those who have lived long years in caste-ridden India can appreciate the force of the action taken that night in the Little Church. The Miss Sahiba here testifies that the men during the succeeding months lived it out in all their relations to the society.

Gladly did I now pin the white ribbon on the Chief Magistrate. Greatly agitated he said, "Oh, my mother will be a happy woman tonight. For twenty years she has said to me daily, 'My son, do give up drink,' and I would not heed her pleadings."

Many Pathankot homes were made happy that night and our hearts were overflowing.

The third meeting continued three hours, but not one moment dragged.

When all had said their salams (and I shall never forget the love and respect shown me that night by these, my fellow-townsmen) I slipped back to the quiet of my own room. I remembered the prayer of little Firoza, "Oh Lord, please fill up the church." I almost laughed aloud at the literalness of the answer when I remembered that crowded, packed church the past three hours. It pays to take everything to God in prayer.

A message came to me one morning from a prominent Mohammedan official's home in the town. His wife, who lived in strictest seclusion, had learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ through Bible lessons given by the lady missionary. The message was a request from her that prayer might be made for the husband of her eldest granddaughter, a clever physician who had been baptized, and who without doubt believed in Jesus and loved Him. He had learned to drink while in Medical College, and his idea of Christianity had not yet compelled him to give it up. He was at that time acting as surgeon on a quarantine ship at Singapore, Straits Settlements. The grandmother wanted the girls to pray that he might give up drink. Hearing the good news of the temperance work in Pathankot had led her to send this request.

That evening at prayers I said to the girls, "I have another request for prayer." Then I related the message of the morning and added, "It is fitting that we temperance workers should make a special effort to save our own from the clutches of the drink evil, so let us all unite most earnestly in prayer for this Christian brother. Let us ask God to do a hard thing,—to bring the doctor from Singapore to Pathankot to sign the pledge in our Little Church."

Oh, the audacity of faith! Singapore was at least 3,500 miles from Pathankot by land and by sea, a journey of many days. The dear girls hesitated not a moment in doubt; they said, "With pleasure will we pray for this dear brother." Sundoh made a note of the request and date in the little brown-backed book which she kept for this purpose. Here was the entry, "Pray that Dr. G. A. may come to Pathankot and sign the pledge in our church."

Prayer continued persistently every evening for several weeks. Then one morning a messenger from the Mohammedan official's home came over and announced, "Your 'answer to prayer' is in Lahore." I smiled to myself and said, "Praise the Lord. It will not take long then to get the *answer* over here." For Lahore was only ninety-nine miles distant by the North Western Railway.

I went to my desk and wrote a letter to Dr. G. A. and asked him to come over to Pathankot at once, if possible, as I had something important to tell him. He came immediately.

It did not take me long to lead up to the subject on my heart, for I believed God was working in his heart, and I was not surprised when he promised without hesitation to be present two days later in the church for the February temperance meeting. He said he would have re-

SOME OF THE "ALLIES" IN PRAYER.
These are typical faces of older girls and teachers in the school.

mained over, but he had a very sick patient in Lahore to whom he must return, but that I could expect him without fail to be present at the temperance meeting. He also added, "It is the strangest thing, Miss Sahiba, the way I got back to Lahore again. I was over there in Singapore quite happy in my work, never dreaming of returning to the Punjab, for my pay was good, being one hundred dollars a month. Suddenly I became very ill, and such a longing came into my heart to see my people that I just left as soon as I was able to travel, and here I am."

I quietly remarked, "It was evidently the leading of God," but did not then tell him about the praying girls.

The fourth monthly meeting which was held Feb. 22, 1914, brought a packed building, and many more signers of the pledge. The Chief Magistrate was one of the first to arrive and proved helpful in numberless ways because of his official position.

The doctor was present for the opening prayer. I kept praying silently for him. Would he be brave enough to take a public stand against the drink which had fastened itself on him so tenaciously? It would be difficult, for in a small town like Pathankot everybody knew everybody else.

After prayer, speeches and songs, when the invitation to come forward was given, the doctor quickly came up beside me, and asking for my pen, took it, and with a steady hand added his name to the long list of total abstainers. I learned afterwards that he not only gave up liquor but certain drugs and tobacco as well.

Once more the school rejoiced over answered prayer. Sundoh wrote underneath the request, "Ans. rec'd Feb. 22, 1914."

But the work in behalf of this dear brother was not ended. Another message came out from the anxious grandmother. "If possible keep Dr. G. A. near you for some time lest his drinking friends may entice him away from you again."

He on his part was only too willing to remain near the missionaries for a time in order that his wife and four children might be won to Christ. They were still Mohammedans. The wife, though refusing to become a Christian, was still too loyal a wife to give up her husband because he had forsaken his old religion. It was arranged by the missionary of the station to employ the doctor as an assistant at a nominal salary of seventeen dollars a month. "All I ask," he said, "is sufficient for food and clothing, until my wife and children are saved."

A great burden now fell upon him for their salvation. Sometimes he wept, saying. "Oh, what will happen to me if my beloved family goes to hell!"

The little wife was always sweet and gentle to meet, but she remained obdurate toward the religion of her husband, or so it seemed to him. One day in despair he came in and said, "I'll no longer wait for my wife, my children must be baptized. I cannot have all the people calling them Mohammedans." So it was arranged that they should be baptized.

I asked the mother if she would not like to witness the ceremony, and she replied that she would if a curtain could be placed between her and the men of the congregation. This was easily done, and she, while hidden from the audience, could see the pastor as he administered the rite of baptism to the three sturdy little boys and the daughter, Zarina. The little mother trembled and tears rolled down her face as she saw the father and children being farther and farther separated from her. She afterwards told me that if her husband, at the time of the baptism, had given the least sign that he wanted her to come forward, she would have been baptized too. No wonder she felt alone in the world. Her mother had been dead several years, her father had died lately while on a pilgrimage to

Mecca, and now her husband and four little ones were on the Christian road to heaven.

Constant prayer was made for her. This request was in Sundoh's little book—"Pray that Mrs. G. A. may become a Christian."

Some time later she was taken violently ill, and fearing she might not recover she sent her husband over to the missionary and asked him to come at once and baptize her, "For," she confessed, "I do believe in the Lord Jesus my Saviour. I've believed for a long time, but the fear of the world kept me from publicly confessing."

That was a happy day in the doctor's humble home when his dear Firoz, the mother of his four children, was brought into the fold of Jesus Christ, and the church rejoiced over this conversion of a Mohammedan family to Christianity.

I wondered if this would work against the non-Christians coming into the church for the temperance meetings. In order that souls might be saved, I was willing, if need be, that all temperance activity might cease, but instead of being hindered the cause seemed to prosper the more. The doctor became a most able advocate of temperance, not only from personal experience of the evil consequences of drink, but from a physician's point of view. Besides being gifted as a writer of poetry, and able to compose poems

equally well in Hindustani, Persian and Punjabi, his ability to help was many-sided. His temperance poems were published and used in far distant places.

I knew his career had been an interesting one and begged him one day to tell me briefly the story of his life. Here it is as he told it so simply to me in our school drawing room.

"I was born in the city of Lahore, within the old city near one of the large gates. My father was a mullah (Mohammedan religious leader) and his highest ambition for me was that I also might become a great mullah.

"I started to school at an early age, and loving to study, was promoted rapidly and matriculated while still in my teens. I then entered the medical college of Lahore, thus disappointing my father. By hard study and constant application I was able to win some scholarships which helped me greatly, for my father could not afford to pay all expenses which are always heavy in a medical school.

"While in the grades I secured a New Testament and studied it from time to time, all through my school and college career. I cannot remember when I first gave my heart to Jesus. My faith grew as I read the gospels. Sometimes I sat up all night composing sonnets to my beloved Saviour.

"I was married to a girl chosen for me by my relatives. I will not tell you much about those days. She was as different from my Firoz as night is from day. She died after a few years of married life, then Firoz was given to me. Her grandmother had a fancy for me and made all the arrangements, and my wife has been a true helpmeet. The grandmother heard about my defection from the faith of the prophet, but being liberal herself, having come under your teaching, she did not let this deter me from securing Firoz as my bride.

"My married life has been a happy one, and I am grateful for the loyalty of my wife through all the awful days of persecution that followed my open confession of faith in Christ.

"A good appointment in Bahrein was offered to me when our first child was only a few months old. A capable Mohammedan doctor was what the government wanted for that place, and I accepted the post and took my wife and child with me.

"All this time the love of Jesus was a consuming fire in my heart. One day an Arab Christian gave me some tracts. I was so impressed with one of them that I said to my wife when I returned from my work, that from henceforth, happen what might, I would be an out and out follower of Jesus Christ. She,

woman-like, urged me not to be too outspoken in that fanatical city, but to keep it all in my heart. How could I remain silent longer? My life was not telling for Him who bore the cross for me.

"I told out my faith bravely to the sick in the hospital, and to my assistants. It was not long until the junior doctor who longed for my place reported me as being a Christian at heart, and a polite note was sent asking for my resignation, saying that it was a Mohammedan physician they wanted, not a Christian.

"I returned to India with my family. A lucrative post was soon found in one of the leading native states in the Punjab. It was not good for me there in the court, where there were constant carousals, intrigues and frequently cases of poisoning. It being a Hindu state, my leaning toward Christianity did not affect my position until some Mohammedans came. Then the persecutions began in earnest. I used to spend hours proving that Jesus is the only One who can be called Saviour. This the Mohammedans could not endure.

"Once my people called me back to the village where my father-in-law lived. We all came. There they tried to make me deny my Lord, but instead I went out into the streets and called out aloud my love for the Lord. I knew this would

be considered a great disgrace by my aristocratic people, but I did not care. Finally when they saw I would not be convinced, they tore my garments from my back and turned me out into the streets half naked, with no money in my pockets, and the door locked against me. My wife was locked in an inner room so that she could not follow me.

"For two whole days I had nothing to eat but a handful of parched grain. Oh, how happy I was, bearing reproach for His sake!

"I returned to my work in the native state. My wife got away and rejoined me, but my persecutors tried me in so many ways that I began to fear I might become, as they were trying to prove me, insane. They finally succeeded in getting the Maharajah to dismiss me from state service and had me adjudged insane. I was hurried off to the asylum in Lahore. My wife weeping bitterly, followed me as far as her friends would allow. I was dragged through the streets of Lahore only partially clad, head and feet bare. On the way I passed a group of Christian girls who looked on me pityingly, for my condition was indeed most miserable. I cried out to them, 'Sisters, it is for Jesus' sake I'm being dragged off in this fashion. Can't you help me?' But poor things, what could they do? I was a stranger to them, besides my tormentors

signed to them that I was out of my head and a dangerous person.

"For nine months I remained in the asylum. I was given freedom to move about shortly after my admittance, for I think those in charge understood that it was enmity which led to my incarceration.

"I've often thanked God for giving me that quiet time of rest. I needed it very much just at that juncture. On being released I repaired to the Presbyterian missionary, asked for baptism and received it.

"After that I was not so bitterly persecuted, but being a Christian I often found it difficult to obtain work. We know what it is to suffer hunger."

I had a picture in my own mind of his condition during those years when he wandered from place to place. Always studying the word of God, testifying everywhere, and, alas, the drink habit only growing stronger. Then one glad day God let the girls have him as one of their prayer trophies. During the one year of his stay in Pathankot he endeared himself to many by his skill as a physician. He also did a wonderful bit of literary work. He put the harmony of the gospels into beautiful but simple Urdu poetry in order that the life of Jesus might be made more attractive to the Mohammedan wom-

en, who like religious teaching in metrical version. Indeed, the temperament of the Indian people is highly poetic. This is one reason why the legends of Krishna are so popular. Many missionaries have been longing for a popular metrical version of parts of the Bible, to be committed to memory by men, women and boys who would be sent out to evangelize. The result of such a course would be surprising.

A notice was seen in the daily paper one day, of the need of a well qualified Indian physician to take charge of two hundred lepers in a mission station up in the mountains. Ten of these were Europeans. Dr. G. A. said, "I'll go and help these poor sufferers. I'm not afraid." And he went, but oh, how he was missed by the Pathankot people.

Nearly one year he labored faithfully for the lepers, going among them fearlessly. Then another call came to his checkered life. This time it was the voice of his country and his King calling. Great Britain was at war with Germany. All her loyal subjects were called upon to do their share. Physicians were greatly needed. The doctor was asked to join the army medical service. He wrote me fully about the whole matter and, after prayer, offered himself as an army surgeon, was accepted most readily and sent to a cavalry base regiment for a few

months. Later on he was sent to the border between Afghanistan and India to help quell the turbulent Pathans. In another letter he wrote me:

> "Our expedition is practically over, and most successfully over. The Mahsud Pathans, who are notorious brigands and marauders have been extremely impressed by the aeroplanes throwing bombs around them. The General was very humane and only wanted to frighten them and cause them to come to their senses. Not a single child or woman was hurt."

[Dear readers, please note this act of humanity toward an ignorant, treacherous enemy by a British officer.]

> "The Pathans were so wonder-struck that they came to the General and promised to bring back all the stolen rifles, and they kept their word."

In closing the letter he added:

> "I may be ordered at once over seas. I would prefer to go to Bagdad and see that ancient city. I remember when I was five years old my grandfather had an Arabic primer written in Bagdad, and I started my alphabet in that ancient manuscript.

"May God be kind to us and save us from the *sword* and subtlety of Mohammedanism! May the war soon cease and may we all again repair to Pathankot to be happy there, praying, teaching and singing praises as in the days of the revival!"

What a prayer trophy this strong man is to our little prayer band of school girls!

# FRIENDLY OFFICIALS

## CHAPTER III

## FRIENDLY OFFICIALS

PERHAPS no other people work harder and are less appreciated than the Indian government officials in the revenue service. They stand between the British rulers and the common people. It is their duty to collect revenue from the head men of villages and turn it over into the treasury of the government. The government must have money to keep the machinery moving. The common people or tax payers must have explanations for the occasional raising of tax rates.

The Magistrate of Pathankot was without doubt the busiest man in the town. If the government wanted 100 camels for the commissariat, he received orders to secure them. If an English lady living up in the mountain station, fifty miles beyond Pathankot, wanted six dozen fresh eggs from a particular type of fowl, the order was sent to him. When transport was needed for removing a regiment to or from the mountains, he it was who had to scour the country for miles around to find the horses, mules, camels and carts necessary. These and

multitudinous other services he did, aside from his ordinary duties as a magistrate.

The Miss Sahiba certainly did appreciate the great effort he now made to be present at all the temperance meetings.

One day in talking over the matter he said to me, "I'm in a difficult position. I believe in the cause we have espoused, with my whole heart, and am willing to work night and day for its promotion, but I must also have the government's best interests at heart, and you know, Miss Sahiba, the licenses bought by the liquor dealers bring in great revenue to the government, while what we are agitating and teaching is going to lessen this source of income. I wish I knew how my chief, our Deputy Commissioner, looked upon this matter. If he is sympathetic and stands behind me, I care not what others say."

I sympathized with him, and tried to assure him that the government only gave licenses in order to stop illicit distillation, and if possible to help keep the drink habit in check, though I had to admit to myself that the very reverse of this result was being realized.

The British Chief Magistrate, better known as the Deputy Commissioner, held sway over the whole district of Gurdaspur and lived in a town twenty-three miles west of Pathankot.

SOME TEMPERANCE LEADERS.
Seated in the center is the European Deputy Commissioner who so vigorously supported the cause, and grouped about are the leaders.

He was on tour almost constantly, going from town to town, and from village to village, keeping a watchful eye on all the different departments of administration.

I myself was most anxious to know his views on the work we were doing for temperance in Pathankot, when, in answer to the wish it seemed, he was one day announced by a servant as having come to call on me. One look into his kind face assured me he would be a friend. After a few minutes he began to ask about the temperance organization. "I've heard a great deal about it," he said, "and am deeply interested. I believe it is doing good." Then smiling he said in his slow, quiet way, "Would you be willing to take me in as an honorary member? I neither drink liquor of any kind, nor smoke."

Would we be willing! It seemed almost incredible that a British official of his position should ask such a question. Surely God was good to give our society this official's favor and patronage!

The interest of the Indian officials had been won, and I was glad that they had come into line first, for now no one could say they were doing what they did simply to please higher officers. And today their strong British magistrate was willing to co-operate with them in this reform movement!

When the Indian workers heard what the Deputy Commissioner had said, their cup of joy was full, and they were ready to work with might and main to promote the cause while under the rule of such a good Christian officer.

In villages near and remote the news of the wonderful work in Pathankot spread, and it was not long until requests came in saying, "Come and help us as you have helped Pathankot."

The invitation from Sujanpur, a village only four miles distant, but the seat of the third largest distillery in the Punjab, was so insistent, that a date was set for visiting it with a view to forming an organization.

On a cool morning in the early autumn a party of ten or twelve members of the temperance society drove out to Sujanpur. Preparations had been made to hold the meeting in the main room of the boys' school, but it filled up so quickly, and such a clamor for admittance was made by those who were outside, that it was decided to meet in the open courtyard, reserving the verandah space for the speakers. Hundreds of Hindus, Mohammendans, Sikhs, and a sprinkling of Christians gathered there that morning.

The introductions over, the Secretary of the Pathankot Society said, "We will first of all have prayer by our Miss Sahiba, as our custom is."

A hush fell upon the audience while she asked for a blessing to rest upon the work they had come to do, and closed in the name of Jesus Christ. Without doubt this was the first time in the history of that old town when a Christian could have had the opportunity to pray before an audience like the one assembled. No one resented it.

The work of organization now followed. The Hindu headmaster of the boys' school was unanimously chosen as president of the society, while another Hindu, a clerk in the office of the *distillery,* was elected to the office of secretary. The latter made one of the most fiery temperance talks that I had ever heard. It was only three years before, having squandered all his wealth, that he had given up drink. Since then he had hated this evil with intense hatred, and pitied and sought in every way to save all who were in its deadly clutches. At the end of his talk he cried out, "Blessings be on the Miss Sahiba from Pathankot, and on our respected Magistrate, for taking pity on our woes and coming out to save us." Thirty joined the society. The newly elected officers wanted only those to join who fully understood what they were doing and would live up to their promises.

It was with gratitude to God that the band of workers from Pathankot saw the zeal of this new branch. It has remained one of the best.

One episode must be recorded. In the midst of speeches and songs, someone motioned for silence, and then there was whispering back and forth on the platform and I heard one say, "You tell her." Finally the Magistrate said, "Miss Sahiba, we think proceedings should cease for a few minutes and another prayer be made,—a prayer to God for victory to our government."

What should I do? I remembered that the American consul at Karachi had sent out, in the beginning of the Great War, printed injunctions calling upon all Americans to be absolutely *neutral.* How could I explain all this to the audience that was waiting for the prayer? Besides, deep down in my heart I knew I was not neutral, I knew Great Britain was on the right side. So I arose and prayed a second time, this time that the Allies might be successful in their terrible struggle of restoring liberty to the down-trodden and oppressed little nations. This prayer was greeted with applause, which was a bit disconcerting, but I knew that their intentions were good.

Afterwards, in sending a report of that new organization to the Deputy Commissioner, I told him of the prayer incident. In his reply he wrote,

"How very wrong of you, a neutral, to pray in public for the success of the British arms! Still it was very nice of you, and I am very glad you had such a good meeting at Sujanpur."

After a period of four or five months the new branch felt a great desire to have their one liquor shop closed. They felt the distillery's influence was bad enough without having the shop as well to tempt the men, young and old, to drink.

In India shops for liquor can be closed only by securing permission from the government. The request from the people must be sent up to the authorities, who in their turn, study the merits of the case, and do what seems best to them under the circumstances.

The following letter reached me one day, and I forwarded it to the Deputy Commissioner. Having kept an exact copy, I shall share it, word for word, with you, feeling sure you will smile over its quaint English expressions, and deeply sympathize with the spirit back of it.

"Sir:—

"As you are good natured and kind hearted Deputy Commissioner, we beg most submissively to approach you with our humble request as under which we hope will meet with your kind approval.

"The drinking of liquor is considered to be the most injurious to health and wealth. Several families have been ruined and many young men who are addicted to drink are cut down in the Prime of their youth, leaving their parents and children to mourn forever. The drinkers are lazy and not good to any societies, their whole system of body is wrecked.

"Seeing so many miseries which the drinking of liquor bring upon the families we pray the benign and sympathetic government to kindly save us from the strong and cruel clutches of liquor and get us complete deliverance from it to make our lives sublime and save our health, wealth and morals by stopping the sale of liquor and closing the shop once for all, for this act of kindness we shall be greatly indebted to you and see with our careful eyes that there shall be no illicit distillation in the town or in the neighboring villages.

"Praying in the end for the complete victory over the enemies and continuous prosperity and peaceful reign of the Great Britain.

"We beg to remain

"Sir

"Your most obedient and loyal subjects of the British Crown."

This petition had fourteen signatures.

The Deputy Commissioner did not think it wise at that time to grant the request but asked them to repeat it the year following.

A year later the parent society of Pathankot visited the Sujanpur branch and found an audience of about three hundred awaiting them in the fine new hostel lately completed for the boys' training class. All were glad for this clean, well-ventilated room for their meetings.

No special attraction had been announced to induce people to come, and though the novelty had by this time worn off, still three hundred came, and for three hours they sat patiently listening to the speeches and songs.

In their annual report it was noted that the sale of liquor in the little shop had been reduced one half since the organization of the society. Three drunkards had been won over. One hundred rupees had been raised, fifty being given to the parent society at Pathankot for the temperance hall, thirty set aside for the purchasing of musical instruments, and twenty held as a reserve fund. The leading spirit in the society was the Hindu village head man who had a fine voice and was using it for temperance.

The second place to send out a call for help was Nirot, six miles from Pathankot. They had a liquor shop in one of the main streets which grieved the hearts of the conservative old people every day, and was bringing sorrow into many homes.

When the Magistrate next held court there after the call, he sent word to me that now would be an opportune time to go out with our officers and organize a society. Recognizing the opportunity, I left the busy school life one afternoon and drove in my cart to Nirot, being accompanied by five or six others, some riding, some driving.

The Magistrate had the villagers all assembled under the friendly branches of a mango grove where he had been holding court all morning. Matting had been spread on the smooth, hard earth, strings of gaily colored paper pennants adorned branches and hedges, while potted plants lined the avenue of approach. All was in readiness for the little band of temperance workers. Sweet Indian music helped to draw the crowd.

After the opening prayer the Magistrate said, "My friends, what is your desire? What is it you want us to do?"

A middle-aged Hindu, tall and slender, arose and with passion in his voice said, "I desire only *one thing*. I want the liquor shop removed

from this village. It has done nothing but harm since it came. Our boys, alas, instead of working all day in the fields and resting at night in their homes as they used to do, now haunt the liquor shop, drink, smoke cigarettes and listen to unclean talk. Oh, Magistrate, honored one, hear my plea and intercede with our kind Deputy Commissioner that he may close this House of Satan."

Forty-five signed the pledge that day in Nirot. A few months later I had the pleasure of forwarding a letter to them from the Deputy Commissioner, telling them that he had ordered the liquor shop in their village to be closed. I was sorry to be unable to attend their thanksgiving meeting held after the receipt of that letter.

Gharota was a town of some importance twelve miles from Pathankot, down the beautiful canal road. Years ago the wide awake people had closed a liquor shop that had intruded itself into their midst, and they were not facing the foe themselves, but they did want their sons to know more about the evil so that when they had to meet the temptation outside they might know how to combat it. Hence their call came to Pathankot, "Come and organize a society in our town."

I shall long remember that day. The good people opened their *dharmsala,* a place of wor-

ship and rest for Hindu travelers, and gave it over freely for the use of the temperance workers. Little temples, each with its own special god, stood inside the enclosure, while niches in the walls of the courtyard held many gods of the Hindu pantheon. The people from surrounding countries flocked into the enclosure, but not to worship that day. So far as I could see no one gave any heed to the stone gods. A living question was before them.

The Magistrate had been having a hard morning's work, and he looked very weary when he came into the *dharmsala* and sat down before a table that held three vases of marigolds and roses, but he looked kindly on the waiting people, and said to those near him: "Now, for a little while forget that I am one in authority, and think of me as a brother who wishes to help you and your children." Being encouraged by these kind words, an old gray-headed villager who had lost his all through drink, came up before the Magistrate, and falling down before him said, "Honored One, I promise from today to give up the evil thing." The Magistrate, who was greatly touched by the man's age, miserable condition and appealing words, said, "Brother, may Parmeshwar (God) help you to keep true, and to give up this thing which brings only disgrace and ruin. I used to drink, but I gave it up. My

family is happier, and I do my government duties more faithfully." Sixty men joined the new organization.

On the return journey that evening a messenger handed me a note from an English colonel and his wife, saying they would be pleased to have the temperance lady, whose name they regretted they did not know, stop and have a cup of tea with them on her way back to Pathankot. I was glad of the invitation, for the day had been trying, and a cup of tea would be refreshing. I found the colonel and his wife in one of the lovely canal bungalows that are found at intervals of ten miles all up and down the canals. They had come to this restful spot to spend a few days in quietness. Their interest in our work greatly cheered and encouraged me.

On April 23, 1915, just seventeen months after the organization in Pathankot had been effected, a new branch was formed at a prosperous town called Nirot Jaimal Singh, thirteen miles from Pathankot. For months the people of the town had been begging for an organization. Twice the Sikh doctor in charge of the government dispensary had come in to see about holding a temperance meeting in this town. The long distance over a bad road, and the busy lives of the leaders, kept causing delay in granting the request sent in by the people so urgently.

On the morning of the 20th, a young business man from Toledo, Ohio, arrived in Pathankot, for the express purpose of seeing something of our temperance work in India. He had heard of it from missionaries up in Rawal Pindi. It occurred to me that now would be a good time to go out and organize at Nirot Jaimal Singh.

I learned on inquiry that the Magistrate was holding court at that very time in that town, and a reply to a note sent out to him said he would be glad to have the Miss Sahiba, her American guest and the temperance workers come out and organize. He would undertake the advertising of the meeting.

Everything seemed "most auspicious" for a splendid meeting, as the Hindu friends say.

At half past six that April morning, while the breeze was still fresh and cool, a company of five started toward the distant town in two other carts, while I took the guest in my own. A little later we were overtaken by two more workers riding.

After ten miles of rough road had been left behind, the sandy stretch of the Ravi River faced the little company and this could not be crossed by the carts. They were not left to plan what to do next, however, for there standing on the bank were six beautiful horses saddled, awaiting

them, and a gaily adorned palanquin with four bearers for the Miss Sahiba.

The young American's eyes fairly shone with delight when he saw those splendid, spirited horses, and he being the guest was asked to take his choice. I noted with a little national pride that my young countryman chose the most spirited animal of all, and the way he sat and managed it was the admiration of all the Indians who themselves are skillful horsemen. In a very few minutes, being carried slowly over the sandy river bed by my men, I was left far behind by the swift riders. One or two returned just to see how I was faring, then whirling, with a dash, were off again.

Dr. G. A. (the "Prayer Trophy") was like a boy that morning, so happy was he to find himself on a horse again. His ability to ride helped him later on to secure his place as surgeon in a cavalry regiment.

The Magistrate had encamped in a beautiful mango grove. By ten o'clock the delegation had arrived. At that hour the shade was much appreciated for the sun was beating down fiercely. A small tent at one end of the camp had been reserved for my use. I was glad of a little time to rest before meeting those who were sure to call.

The young American soon had a group of admiring young Indian boys around him, with the Christian doctor interpreting. It was wonderful to these young men to see a young man like themselves, keen in the business world, and yet telling them so enthusiastically of the love of Jesus and ever and anon singing snatches of praise to Him. They knew missionaries did this kind of work, but to find a man of white face and gentle manners, yet not a missionary, talking about Christianity was a great surprise.

Dr. G. A. was in his element as interpreter. He had found a congenial spirit in this young American brother, whose love for his Lord was fairly bubbling over.

I would like just here to record my heart's desire, which is that the Church may soon see that God can use spirit-filled laymen in the foreign field, as well as those who have been ordained.

The long drive had given us all fine appetites for the well-filled lunch basket which my sister, "the Little Miss Sahiba," had prepared for us. The Magistrate fearing we might not have sufficient, had several brass trays of tasty Indian dishes, sweets and fruit, sent to our table. Then he came over himself to see that all our wants were well supplied.

Laughingly he said, "I cannot give you any soda water for I've had to give that up, too! I've always been afraid to drink the water from these dirty village wells, and have carried soda water about with me, but since joining the temperance society I have found that the people associate soda water with whisky, and that when I drank *only soda,* word was circulated that I was also using whisky. So now, Miss Sahiba, I'm just drinking water from the wells wherever I happen to be, and trusting God to keep me well."

When those of the different creeds had finished the noonday repast, they came together and someone suggested drinking toasts.

"Without wine?" asked one.

"Certainly," said the young American, and lifting a cup of tea he said, "Let us drink to the long life of the Men's Temperance Society of Pathankot."

The Magistrate with a cup of cold water followed with, "Gentlemen, drink with me for the victory of our gracious King-Emperor."

The leading men of the town now began coming out, by twos and threes, and had to be received. The most influential was Sardar K. S., a Rajput, an owner of eighty villages and an honorary magistrate. He is a graduate of Forman Christian College, and had signed the pledge while in college. I found him most courteous,

and was pleased to learn of his interest in the temperance cause. We have a long talk on things spiritual.

At 2 P. M. word came that all was now ready for us in the town, and arising from our comfortable place in the thick shade, we went out into the open glare of a dusty half mile of road which led into the town, where we found hundreds of people wending their way towards the boys' school, the place appointed for the meeting. The people sat out in the open court, while the leaders and speakers were taken up into the verandah. What a transformation had taken place! Instead of the dusty white-washed walls, and uneven brick floor, here was a bit of fairyland. The walls were covered with silk embroidered curtains, the floors were carpeted with them, while rich pieces of silk covered the four tables and chairs. I looked at all this beautiful work around and underneath, then said, "Dear people, I don't like to step on these lovely shawls with my dusty shoes."

"Never mind, Miss Sahiba," they replied, "this is all for you. We wish we could do more to show our love and gratitude. You will honor us by sitting on the place which we have carpeted."

Then my heart was grateful to God for allowing me this sweet privilege of accepting a bit of love from a class of people almost untouched

as yet by the influences of the Gospel. Surely no rajah could have had a finer reception than the temperance workers had that day in the town of the long name.

The people listened very attentively to the speeches, songs and music of the generous program. Officers were elected, and ninety-four men became members of the new organization. The enthusiasm ran high. One said, "If you would only stay over night we would visit other villages and have many more join us." I wished I might remain, but the girls back in the school could be left no longer.

Ten mettlesome horses brought the men down to the river bank on the return journey, for other men had come out from Pathankot later in the day.

The Magistrate ordered one rider to remain near me as I came down more slowly in the palanquin. The sun was sinking, a red ball of fire in the golden west, as my carriers waded knee deep through the silver stream of water flowing over the sands of the Ravi.

The carts were reached, horses harnessed and hitched into them, and the tired but happy workers started off in the dark for the ten miles of the return journey. The road seemed much longer and rougher than in the morning daylight. Coming up a steep bank my horse, restive

to get home, gave a leap and broke the harness in three places. I could control a girls' school, and organize temperance societies, but in an emergency like this I was useless. Fortunately the Magistrate's son, a young man of eighteen, was near at hand, and securing ropes from somewhere, tide up the harness so that it did not break again. A young Hindu cloth merchant who played the harmonium in our meetings took the lines and drove home without further incident.

The dear, peaceful, sleeping school home was reached at 10 o'clock, and all were content with the day's work.

Ten years before the town visited had paid twenty rupees for license while this year it was rated at two thousand rupees. Surely the society for temperance was needed.

By remaining over for this experience the young American missed seeing Calcutta, the metropolis of India, but as he put it in his expressive American way which sounded good to us, "Calcutta isn't in it!"

# FARTHER AFIELD

## CHAPTER IV

## FARTHER AFIELD

AS the time drew near for the first anniversary of the founding of the Men's Temperance Society, we thought it might help to advance the cause to have the occasion celebrated in some fitting manner. So we began making plans with the help of the executive committee of fifteen members.

Our sympathetic helper from the City of the Golden Temple offered to come over with his fellow workers and give an evening's entertainment with moving pictures, as well as help with music and speeches. The Christian headmaster of the boys' high school, Sialkot, promised to give a twenty-minute talk on the subject, "A Life of Purity." Best of all the Deputy Commissioner said he would gladly spend one afternoon and evening with us. We had planned for a two days' rally.

Several hundred copies of a neatly printed program were sent out, inviting friends and well-wishers to

"The First Anniversary
of the
Men's Temperance Society
of
Pathankot."

The notice also stated that an interesting program had been prepared.

Two large meeting tents were hired and pitched alongside the Little Church, for it was no longer large enough to seat the many who came to the ordinary meetings, so wondrously had God answered the prayer, "Oh Lord, please do fill our church." For this celebration much additional room would be required.

The whole city took an enthusiastic part in the preparations for this was to be the greatest event Pathankot had ever had, a unique celebration in which all classes and creeds would unite.

A Hindu money lender furnished the acetylene lights, others sent potted plants, one gave from his own home a fine old Persian rug which completely covered the temporary platform constructed of brick and lumber loaned by the girls' school. Everything was in readiness the morning before the eventful day, and how happy the workers were as they stood outside the church wall and viewed the preparations they had made. The Union Jack and the Star and Stripes waved together from two tall flag-staffs in front of the

tents. God grant one may soon wave over a *dry* British Empire and the other over a *dry* United States.

Rugs, carpets, mottoes, palms, ferns and flowers made the tents and their surroundings most attractive. The half mile of road that lay between the Little Church and the railway station had never before been in such festive attire. Little pennants of colored paper strung on rope, were fastened from one side of the street across to the other, so that those who passed beneath seemed to be walking under an arbor of autumnal tints.

The Magistrate came out late in the evening to see that all was in readiness and his trained eye saw only a few minor changes that it was necessary to make.

"May God give us success!" he ejaculated, as he turned away to leave the grounds.

The next day, November 14th, was cloudy, but no rain fell during the day. Early in the forenoon the visitors began arriving from the towns and villages, some riding, some walking. It was nearly three o'clock before the train arrived bringing the Deputy Commissioner, the guest of honor. He was met by a temperance delegation and taken straight out to our school home where tea was served. His arrival was the signal for the five singing parties to start from the church and make the circuit of the city singing temper-

ance songs at places appointed beforehand. The object was that even the shut-in women might know that the great anniversary of the temperance organization was being fittingly observed.

Oh, it was a great day from beginning to end! Everybody was dressed in his best for the occasion; all faces beamed with happiness; Brahmin and Chuhra felt equally at home.

The evening session which opened at five o'clock was presided over by the Deputy Commissioner. The president of the society led in prayer and read a few words of welcome. She said: "Brothers, the Men's Temperance Society which was organized November 14, 1913, has been looking forward to the day when our Deputy Commissioner would honor it by his presence, and today sees this desire fulfilled."

Then turning to the British Magistrate she said, "We thank you, Mr. Watson, for all your interest in this society, and we are grateful to you for giving this evening to us. Pathankot is trying to show what a united people can do in the way of reform."

She then touched briefly on the work of the year, mentioning with special emphasis the organization of a Boys' Band. Their pledge, she said, was stronger and more comprehensive than the men's, for they promised to abstain not only from all liquors, but from cigarettes and the

*huqqa* as well. They also promised to keep free from the use of all bad language. The fifty boys who had taken the pledge were seated on front benches and looked up with honest pride shining all over their faces as she told the audience about their stand.

Mr. Watson closed the session with a splendid address on temperance. It was published afterwards in some of the leading Indian papers and encouraged many to greater effort in battling with the gigantic wrong.

In our home that evening after dinner, when all had gathered around the bright wood fire in the drawing room, I said to Mr. Watson:

"I've a great vision for Pathankot."

"May we know what it is?" he enquired.

"It is a temperance hall for our town. We have outgrown the church, and do you know my heart aches for the young men of our town who have absolutely no decent place in which to spend the evenings, or to get a little healthful recreation? I often see some of our members playing cards or pachisi over the vile, open sewers in the streets. How can they keep right in such an atmosphere as that?

"Now if we had a hall, we would have a place for good games in it, a reading room and ground for tennis and badminton. Oh, I know it is only a dream, but I like to think about it. If I only

had the money, or better still, if I had the power to get it from our Pathankot people!"

The little group smiled at my earnestness, then passed on to other topics.

When the Deputy Commissioner had said good-bye to each one and driven away to the railway station, a missionary from a station twenty-three miles distant said, "Did you hear what the Deputy Commissioner said to you as he stepped outside the door?"

"I heard him say good night," I answered.

"He said more than that. He said, 'I think you will get your temperance hall.'"

"Did he really? Wouldn't it be splendid? But what an undertaking for our poor little town!"

The next day at nine the meetings were resumed in the meeting tent. All day long the crowds surged in and out listening to songs and addresses. The music was truly inspirational. Some of it was classic eastern music. One who sat as entranced listening to the playing of an out-of-town guest, turned to me and said: "He is throwing flowers to us from the tips of his fingers."

My heart was too full for much talking, for that forenoon the Magistrate had come up to where I was seated and said: "Miss Sahiba, where would you like the new hall to be located?"

THE TEMPERANCE HALL.

The dream that came true through the help of the Deputy Commissioner, the prayers of the "allies," and the gifts of the people of the town.

I started in surprise and exclaimed, "Why, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Where do you desire the temperance hall to be located?

"The Deputy Commissioner called me over to the railway station last night at midnight and said that I was to see that you got the temperance hall. I'm here ready to obey his orders, and to help you."

What could I say? Speech refused to come. Only one year and what had God wrought!

A correspondent sent the following account of the rally to "The Civil and Military Gazette," a government organ and the leading daily English newspaper of North India:

> "The Temperance Society at Pathankot celebrated its first anniversary on the 14th and 15th instants. The town was en fete during the two days. Zaildars, lambardars, and patwaris came in from the towns and villages of the district accompanied by their friends and well wishers. The society had a small beginning a year ago but it has grown to a membership of 230. Two branches have been formed, one at Sujanpur with 37 members and one at Nirot with 50.
>
> "Saturday afternoon was given over to five singing parties that marched through the main streets singing temperance songs.

"The Deputy Commissioner of the district came over for the occasion and spent the afternoon and evening. He delivered a strong address on temperance to the evening audience, numbering several hundred people, which made a deep impression.

"The bioscope entertainment by Mr. Nand Lal and Pundit Surup Narain added greatly to the success of the rally.

"All classes were represented on the programme. The fine spirit of good will which prevailed was most encouraging and augurs well for the future. Sixty-two new names were added to the membership on the evening of the last session.

"Mr. Watson consented to become patron of the organization.

"The meetings closed with cheers for the King-Emperor, and the Deputy Commissioner."

Mr. Watson sent back a few lines after his visit at Pathankot saying:

"I congratulate you heartily on yesterday's rally and hope today may be equally successful and that you may gain many recruits. I enclose a cheque for Rs. 50 for the Temperance Society."

The Reformer from the City of the Golden Temple wrote on his return home:

> "Please accept my sincere thanks for the kindness shown to us by yourself. You and the Magistrate are to be congratulated for the success of the rally. The meeting of the 14th was remarkable as regards the temperance propaganda. God has sent *one* from America to save our *millions*."

Mr. Frederick Grubb, General Secretary of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association of London, wrote October 14, 1914, as follows, concerning the Pathankot work:

> "The results you have already secured are most encouraging and I am sure the good effect will be felt over a wide area. If a network of such societies could be established throughout the Punjab, what a difference it would make to the province.
>
> "I am particularly glad to note that people of all classes and creeds are rallying to your assistance. It is a noteworthy fact that there is no other movement in India which unites all sections as effectively as temperance does."

The Anglo-Indian Temperance Association was founded in 1888 by the late M. S. Caine. Its president is Sir Herbert Roberts, M. P.

A few facts gleaned from "Abkari," the quarterly organ of the Association, may be not only of interest but instructive as well.

The Association has 280 branches in the Indian Empire.

What it wants to do is to save India from the alarming growth of the drinking habits of the population which is shown by the fact that the revenue derived from the sale of intoxicants rose from 1,561,000 pounds in 1874-5 to 8,353,000 pounds in 1913-14, the annual yield having been quintupled in thirty-five years.

The Association was formed for the promotion throughout India of total abstinence principles among all classes; the watchful criticism of the excise administration; the encouragement of the principle of local option and the final extinction of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, opium, and the other intoxicating drugs.

In its annual report for 1915-16 it said:

> "There have been many renewed indications during the past year of advancing public opinion in India in favor of temperance reform and this has largely been attributable to the example of personal abstinence which was set by the King-Emperor to his people throughout the empire. It is noteworthy that the response to that action of His

Majesty was more definite in India than in any other part of the King's dominions."

Many gatherings were held in different parts of the country to express satisfaction at the royal announcement. I often felt that I would like to thank His Majesty personally for the help he has rendered the cause up in the Punjab by his noble stand. Often some discouraged worker would be heard saying, "Never mind, the King is on my side."

A leader whose first touch with the total abstinence world was in the Pathankot society, evidently thought in the beginning of the work that Pathankot was the prime mover of all the temperance work in the world (his horizon has widened since) for he arose in a meeting one day and said: "Gentlemen, see what has taken place in the world since the organization of our Pathankot society. Russia has followed suit, and now our King-Emperor has signed the pledge."

I have often told friends in America that if the U. S. A. should go *dry* during my furlough, this leader back in India would tell his friends: "I knew it would be so; the influence from Pathankot did it."

The letters which now began coming in from distant provinces asking us to tell how we had started our temperance work or inviting me to

come and help organize, made me realize that we were having part in a vital movement that was very seriously affecting the whole of India.

In the spring of 1916, during the Easter holidays, I felt that God had opened up the way for me to go to Karachi, a large seaport city on the western coast of India.

A most earnest invitation had come to me from an English lady missionary who worked there. This request, which I had regretfully declined because of stress of work, was followed by a second saying:

> "I am writing you once again to ask your help. Perhaps you may be free to come to us now. My heart aches when I see the awful strides intemperance is making here among both Europeans and Indians. We are moving on just a little as we have a branch of the W. C. T. U. meeting once a month, and I have a Band of Hope for the Indian Christian boys, and I'm sure the dear laddies would do their best to help you, but it is the *men* who should be reached.
>
> "Oh, if you could only come!
>
> "Now don't say 'No' this time, as something *must* be done to save Karachi.
>
> "Such wonders have been done in Pathankot, I feel quite envious for poor Karachi.
>
> "Come over and help us."

KAISAR-I-HIND MEDAL.

This medal was conferred upon the author by the government of India for her service in the promotion of the temperance cause.

(Reverse over leaf.)

(Obverse over leaf.)

After prayer with the dear girls who promised to uphold me every step of the long journey, I left the school one evening to be absent several days. It was a seven hundred mile journey down to Karachi and most of the way through arid sand. The heat was almost unbearable even at that season of the year, but God gave me so much joy that but little inconvenience was felt, and all the discomforts were forgotten when the refreshing sea breezes began blowing through the open windows of the compartment as I neared this great city of commerce on the second day of the journey.

A hearty welcome awaited me at the mission home. After an hour's rest, time being so precious, plans were at once set on foot for using every moment as wisely as possible.

The next few days were packed full of meetings and interviews. The meetings had been very widely advertised. A leading daily had the meetings announced in broad head lines and said that people who knew anything of the grand temperance work which was being done in Pathankot would be interested to hear that a leader hoped soon to visit Karachi, and would meet all classes and creeds interested in temperance, and stated that there were many people in their city, both Europeans and Indians, who would gladly help to make her coming a success.

From the first meeting held in the Town Hall, where a fine audience greeted me, to the precious half-hour's talk with a little group of Indian Christian girls Sabbath afternoon, I felt nothing but sympathy and kindness.

On the morning of April first, I addressed the students in the boys' mission high school on temperance, then from this place was taken straight out to the women's quarters where I had the privilege of organizing our first women's temperance society. Fifty-two women, representing Christians, Jews, Hindus and Mohammedans united that day to help put down the evil which was admittedly making rapid strides in Karachi.

That evening an organization for men was effected in the boys' high school building.

Members of a Young Hindu Club calling themselves "Alim," arranged for me to speak to their members on the education of girls. About one hundred of the representative young men were present. The chairman in his introduction said, "No matter what our personal feelings may be about the religion the missionaries come to teach, we must acknowledge the uplift they have given India. It is due to their efforts mainly that the education of our girls is as far on as it is. I believe in giving honor to whom honor is due." I never had a more attentive audience than those

aristocratic young men of Karachi. I told them that I felt they would all agree with me that the work in which I was principally engaged, namely the education of India's girls, was second in importance to no other. I briefly outlined my ideal for India's womanhood and closed with instances of the latent spiritual power that is being discovered in so many of India's women these days.

That day ended with a Bible talk given to the Territorials, soldiers just fresh from British colonies.

On the return journey to the Punjab I had invitations from temperance leaders to stop off and give addresses at Hyderabad and Sukkir, both large cities of the province of Sindh. I had time for only one place and chose Hyderabad, a most interesting city on the Indus River.

I spoke in the cool of the evening to a large audience of educated people, in a beautiful hall, on the temperance work that was being done in the little city of Pathankot, hidden away from the busy world in one corner of the Punjab. At the close of the talk a gentleman arose and said, "If a small place of 7,000 like Pathankot can accomplish so much in this reform movement, what could not this great and wealthy city do? I feel ashamed of the little we have done in the face of what we have heard tonight. We want

to thank this sister for her message and for what she is doing for our people." I took the night train for the Punjab but, before reaching the school home again, had two other appointments to fill; the first, to address a women's presbyterial meeting at Lyallpur; the second, to give a temperance talk to a canal colony. I had been invited by an Indian Christian to visit the colony at the head of a great canal. His superior officer, the executive engineer, and his wife entertained me in their lovely home and made all arrangements for the meeting. It was held out on a beautiful lawn in front of the rest house and was presided over by the engineer. An organization was formed with the executive engineer as patron.

The network of societies was gradually widening.

I regretted that it would not be possible to revisit all these places and help them in the hard battle they were entering. Concerning the work in Karachi I had confidence that it would prosper for the missionaries with their prayer life were back of it. Without much prayer this plague of drink cannot be stayed.

I went to Karachi for the temperance work, but I tried never to lose sight of the fact that temperance was to be used only as an avenue of

approach to the deep spiritual things of Jesus Christ.

While in the mission home I was asked on Sabbath afternoon to speak a short time to some of the young women and girls in training for teachers. Nothing ever gives me greater joy than these meetings with the Christian girls, so I went to them gladly. After prayer, I told them about our girls back in Pathankot, their prayer life, the praying bands, the little brown-backed book in which the girls wrote some special requests and the dates of the answers, and their earnestness in trying to please Jesus in every detail of their lives. Then I had more prayer with them and left.

After my return to the school and the girls in Pathankot, I received two letters from the mission home in Karachi, one in Urdu from the dear girls, and one from the missionary in charge of them. They both brought tears to my eyes and joy to my heart.

The missionary wrote:

> "You began a great work when you spoke to our Christian teachers in the house on Sunday last. * * * *
>
> "For some little time before the girls had been so naughty that we really were at our wits end and didn't know what to do, so

much so that I had had to give up the training class and turn it into an industrial one. But your words came home to them with such power that the very next day they started having meetings among themselves, the first one taken by the ringleader of naughtiness, reading the Fifty-first Psalm on her knees.

"They have gone on since having two or three meetings a day and have started on their own account a book like your girls', of prayers and their answers. There has been real work going on in their hearts of confession of old, unknown sins and making up old, old quarrels."

This much is quoted to show that when the Holy Spirit works, discipline becomes an easy matter. Surely this one message alone more than repaid me for the long journey of 1400 miles.

Late in the summer of the same year an invitation came from a large city in Rajputana to come down and hold a few meetings in a Christian girls' boarding school, also to give one or two temperance addresses in the city.

In the latter part of September, just before the opening of the school after the long holidays, the way opened for me to accept the invitation, and I went down.

I found a willing, waiting people. The fellowship with the Christians was most delightful. The missionary in charge was most anxious to have an address given in the church on temperance, but lest some who should hear might not come, the subject of the address was not given, for, alas, there were a few who considered moderate drinking right and resented anything being said to the contrary. I am glad to record that the meeting in the church that evening did stir up some to place themselves in line with the workers against intemperance.

I would like here to testify to the fact that only once was I refused permission to speak on temperance before a Christian audience. It was a long way from the Punjab. A Christian young man and his wife, old pupils of mine, had asked me to speak, but the people flatly refused, the reason being given that nearly everyone drank. The excuse they gave was that they did not think the Bible teaching gave a woman permission to speak in public. I did a good deal of private speaking about the matter, and hope yet to hear of a total abstinence society in that church.

The second meeting was for the general public, and it was announced throughout the whole city that a lady from the Punjab would give an address on temperance at five o'clock in the court of the boys' high school.

Whether it was because of interest in temperance or out of respect to the well-loved local missionary, certain it is that a large company of all creeds came together to listen to the lady from the North. My heart almost failed me when I looked down on the sea of faces and realized what was expected of me. I asked the little company of missionaries seated nearby to pray mightily that this fear and trepidation might pass away and that God might find me a channel through which He could speak.

Before the opening of the meeting one of the missionaries said, "The people themselves may tonight suggest forming an organization. I want a society started, but feel it will mean so much more if the initiative comes from them."

A tall, handsome man had been pointed out to me as being a wealthy business man of the city. He had a keen, intelligent face and listened most attentively while I told them in simple words what God had done for us up in the Punjab.

When I had finished and sat down there was silence for a few moments. The missionaries around me remained with heads bowed in prayer.

Slowly one from the audience arose and I saw it was the wealthy man who had been pointed out to us. "Friends," he began, "I don't know how you feel, but as for me, I feel we should do

something,—do it now while our hearts are touched. This lady has come all the way from the Punjab to tell us about an evil that is ruining our land. An unselfish purpose brought her here. Now let us make her heart glad, as well as do good to our own city, by forming a temperance organization before the meeting closes. How many agree with me?"

A great showing of hands followed and the missionaries of the place as well as the one from the North had the joy of seeing another link added to the chain of temperance societies in India.

Their prayer that night was that the land of the brave Rajputs might soon be freed from the grip of drink.

# AWAY IN THE HIMALAYAS

MOUNTAIN WOMEN.

These are mountain women and girls with the author and her sister, the "Little Miss Sahiba."

## CHAPTER V

## AWAY IN THE HIMALAYAS

HOW often had the school girls and I turned our eyes away from the dust, heat and disease of the plains, to the pure, cool, health-giving mountains, and remembered in prayer the multitudes of people hidden away in their depths, asking that in some way the message of hope might penetrate to their almost inaccessible homes. I love the mountains and the mountain people.

Pathankot is situated on the edge of the first bit of rise above the plains, back of it mounting higher and higher are forest-covered ranges, where live a shy people who can be won only by patience, sympathy and great love,—love expressed in such a manner that it can be understood by them. For that matter it is love alone that will draw India to the feet of the Master.

Back of all, and thousands of feet higher, are other ranges,—the topmost peaks of the world, glistening with the everlasting snows. Even there a brave people live battling with wild animals and wilder storms for a mere existence. I

have a great admiration for these hardy mountaineers. Their farms consist of a few acres, or perhaps only a fraction of an acre, standing almost perpendicularly and divided into terraces,—stair steps I call them, so narrow are they. A heavy rain is liable to wash away the growing crop. If it reach maturity, it has to be guarded all day long from the thievish monkeys, and by night from the depredations of the bears. The lives of these farmers seem to me such a slavish monotony, and yet how they love those little, rocky, up-ended farms and simple homes!

Just because I love them all God sometimes lets me slip away into their midst for a little rest and time of communion with them.

One bright Sabbath morning in Pathankot when I was teaching my class of women and girls on the verandah of the Little Church from which I could catch glimpses of the snowy peaks, two stalwart Sikhs, members of the men's bible class and temperance society came hurriedly around the corner, accompanied by a well-dressed young Sikh who seemed to be about sixteen years of age. The men apologized for the interruption but said they felt sure I would understand when I heard the young man's request.

He now came forward, a slender, handsome boy, clad in garments of silk and white muslin. He saluted me most courteously and said:

"Miss Sahiba, I'm on my way back from Lahore to my home in the mountain town seventy-five miles distant. My carriage and driver are standing out on the road waiting impatiently to be off, but I have a request which I hope you will not refuse. I want to sign the pledge before going back home. My father is the chief engineer in the native state in which I dwell and since he and nearly all the other officials drink, some more, some less, I'm in danger. I don't want to fall a victim to this sinful habit. I have heard about your temperance society from these two brothers, and I made bold to come in and see if you would not let me become a member, too. Then, having signed the pledge, when asked to drink I'll just say, 'I promised God before the Miss Sahiba down at Pathankot that I would never touch liquor,' and I'll be safe."

The dear boy, how he won my heart by his artlessness as well as by his earnestness! I saw so plainly, more plainly than I can put down on these pages, the danger he was facing. Now, one of the rules of the society was that all who wished to unite with it must sign the pledge in an open meeting before many witnesses. What should I do in this emergency?

One of the Sikhs understanding my hesitation said, "Miss Sahiba, will it not be satisfactory if six or seven members are hurriedly gathered to-

gether as witnesses for this little brother who is so anxious to join us?"

I decided that would be sufficient, so excusing myself from the class, I went home, and there in the drawing room which was always open to everyone who came to see us, the young Sikh signed the pledge of total abstinence. Then thanking me, he went out to the carriage and was soon carried out of sight up the long, white road which led into the mystery of the hills.

This was not the last time such a request came to us. Once an official from another native state came in, signed the pledge as a safeguard, and resumed his journey.

Another time a Hindu excise inspector from a distant city signed the pledge before witnesses in our drawing room.

I long for the people of America to know how very earnest the Indian men are in this matter. If the right of suffrage were granted to them, without doubt *India* would soon stand among the dry nations of the world. Their interest in the question is not confined to India alone. A map of the United States showing dry states in white and wet in black, always interests them very much. One day a man pointed to the State of Pennsylvania which made such a big, solid stain on the map and said, "What is the name of that

THE "MOUNTAIN TOWN."
A veritable paradise with cloudless skies and laughing streams, and snow-capped mountains keeping guard over all.

black spot, and why are there no white spots showing in it?"

In public addresses one has only to mention the name of Kansas to receive hearty applause. How much it means for a state or a nation to have a name that sends out sweet fragrance to the utmost parts of the earth!

I often called to remembrance the eager face of that mountain boy and was glad when the way opened for my sister and me to spend four weeks of our summer vacation in the lovely mountain valley where he lived. It was a two days' journey, fifty-five miles in a two-wheeled cart drawn by two horses, with fresh relays every five miles, then twenty miles we were carried in palanquins.

The first view of the mountain town is obtained when one turns a sharp bend in the narrow road, five miles distant and three thousand feet above it. Surrounded by high hills, it lies spread out before the traveler with its palace and other buildings shining in the bright sunshine, resembling a jewel in the bottom of a great bowl made of jade stone.

The little room assigned to us that night in the travelers' rest house beside the noisy Ravi River, notwithstanding its dusty walls and general untidiness, seemed the most restful spot we

had ever found in our many wanderings, for we were very weary.

The day after our arrival in the mountain town the "boy" came out to call on us, bringing a friend with him. He quietly said to me as they were leaving that his father had given up drink.

Others came to call, and it was soon whispered about that the little mountain town was anxiously longing for a temperance society to be organized during the stay of the Miss Sahiba. Before that could be accomplished, much red tape would have to be unwound for this was a native state ruled over by His Highness, the Rajah Sahib, whose word was law. It must in justice be said of him that he is one of the most enlightened chiefs of all India and stands high in the estimation of the British government under whose protectorate he rules.

But nothing could be done in his state without first receiving his permission, no meeting held without his sanction. It is worthy of note that no religious sect except the Christian was at liberty to preach in the bazaar of the town. It took nearly two weeks to get all the arrangements completed.

Shortly after arriving I sent a note over to His Highness, explaining my interest in temperance work and asking permission to organize a society in his state. A courteous reply came back

saying that he had no objections, and would like to be told plans in detail so that he might know in what way to help. The young prince, the heir apparent, came out to the rest house with two of his companions and called on us. I was not a little amused at his anxiety to let me know at once where he stood on the question of drink and so to forestall what he supposed I would say, for without a pause after introduction, he said:

"Miss Sahiba, I'm sorry, but I cannot sign the pledge."

Smiling at his impetuosity, but as gravely as I could I said:

"I'm sorry that you are unwilling to help in this matter. It is young men like you, sharing great responsibility, who are needed to take the lead in this work."

"Oh, but I cannot, Miss Sahiba, you don't understand. I move in European society. When the officers come to our club I must drink with them."

I knew how happy all the royal family and every subject in the state would be if he would only give up this habit which was growing stronger day by day. Oh, that all the rajahs and maharajahs of India, as well as all others in high official position, might realize that "one example is worth a thousand arguments." Again

I was thankful I could point to the example of the King-Emperor, George the Fifth.

The Rajah himself came later to call on me and to talk over the plans for the temperance rally. I found him most kind and sympathetic. After thanking him for his help and interest, I asked him if he would not preside over the meeting which they had agreed should be held on August 21. In reply he said, "While grateful for the honor you wish to give me, Miss Sahiba, I feel that I must decline, for while I'm not a hard drinker neither am I a teetotaler. I drink wine occasionally and I feel that the one who sits as chairman should be a man of total abstinence." He was right.

Then I said, "Will you kindly appoint one to the chair?" Without a moment's hesitation he named an officer high in the state as being one suitable in every way, a man known as a total abstainer, and one who was fearless in his denunciation of the evil habit.

"I'll tell him to call on you," he continued, "and you can make the final plans with him."

As he departed I suggested that if further instructions were necessary I should go over to his office for the information. He replied, "I couldn't think of giving you that trouble. Just drop me a line and I'll come at once to see you." And he was the busiest man in the state!

A Corner of the Rajah's Palace.
A type of architecture peculiar to the mountain districts.

The next day we were visited by the Hindu official who had been appointed by His Highness to preside over the coming temperance meeting, and nearly all the plans were completed. On the last day the location chosen for the meeting was changed from the lower end of the lawn to the upper end in front of the palace at the express request of the Rajah, who desired that the shut-in princesses might be able to see it all from their windows which overlooked that part of the town.

The little mountain town never looked fairer than on that night. It is one of the most charming places to be found in all India, a well-built little town on the banks of the Ravi, with high mountains all around it. A wide lawn extends the whole length of the palace grounds and official state buildings. It is always kept in perfect order, and the thing that impresses one is the liberty that every one has to walk over the velvety green turf or to sit upon it. Little children play over it merrily all day long and no big, burly policeman ever frightens them away. I wish you could see the little children of that mountain place, for no more beautiful little faces are to be found in the world.

The town is lighted with electricity, but that night as all the people gathered to this unique meeting out on the open lawn, the full moon

rose from behind a snowy peak and shone down on them with such splendor that the arc lights were not needed.

An Indian correspondent sent a fine report of that night's meeting to the "Tribune," of Lahore, and part of it will be given here with parenthetical comments.

> "On the 21st August a grand meeting was convened in the open *chaugan,* the famous lawn in this mountain state, opposite the palaces of His Highness. All the civil and military officers, merchants and noted men of the town were present and every soul in the town attended the meeting. [A bit of hyperbole, though it is certain only a very few remained indoors that night.]
>
> "His Highness with his two princes graced the function.
>
> "Bakhshi Prab Dayal was chairman of the meeting. He made a fine opening speech and impressed upon the minds of the listeners the evils of intoxicants, supporting his arguments by quotations of able medical men, and leaders of various religions.
>
> "Lala Nand Lal made an impressive speech in which he drew a grim picture of the havoc done in Indian homes by intoxicants. He expressed great satisfaction at

the interest His Highness was taking in the temperance question and the betterment of his subjects.

"Miss Campbell made a very effective short speech and Sirdar Sohan Singh commenced the bioscopic show which lasted over an hour. [This was the first time the 'movies' had ever been seen in that mountain town, and the great audience sat motionless as they saw the films depicting the horrors of drink in the western world.]

"A temperance society was formed on the spot at the express desire of His Highness.

"The State Engineer [father of the boy who signed the pledge in Pathankot] arose and thanked the temperance workers in behalf of His Highness and the State. At the close His Highness thanked Miss Campbell, and Lala Nand Lal, and expressed great pleasure at the success of the meeting and asked them to help the new-born society in every possible way.

"The meeting had a great effect on the people. Early next morning the temperance songs became the pet strains of the town."

The Reformer who had come all the way from the City of the Golden Temple deserves a few separate words of mention. When I wrote and

asked him if he would come up to this distant mountain town and bring his bioscope, he immediately wired his willingness to do so, notwithstanding the fact that the journey was long, the season rainy, the roads in bad condition and no promise that expenses would be met.

When he reached the mountain town late in the evening of the 21st he was almost exhausted, not having been used to mountain travel, but his intrepid spirit will be seen from this quotation of a letter sent afterwards:

> "The foot of one horse got lame and I was obliged to walk the last six miles of the journey. My body was just rattling like iron chains, but thank God, by whose grace the work was successful, my mind is full of joy."

Surely the earnestness and zeal of this advocate of temperance in India, who works without salary, will one day be rewarded by seeing his beloved land free from the curse of alcohol.

A short time before leaving the charming mountain town I had an unusual visitor. Early one morning one of the temperance helpers, a Sikh who had accompanied us on this trip in the temperance movement, as well as to preach the love of Jesus to the mountaineers, came upstairs to the verandah where my sister and I were having our morning cup of tea, and announced that

a Brahmin was down below and wished to have a talk with me.

"I think you must be mistaken Natha Singh," I said, "he probably wants to see the European lady in the next room, who claims to have become a follower of Hinduism."

"No, it is *you*," he repeated more emphatically, "he said plainly, 'It is the temperance lady from Pathankot I want to see.' " Natha Singh had his own views about the European lady who had accepted Hinduism, and it is not likely he would have carried a message to her.

"Very well," I replied. "I'll come right down." On descending I found a tall, middle-aged man, with a sad, worn face, standing in the vine-covered porch. Receiving an invitation to enter, he saluted me gravely and handed me a small bunch of red geraniums, then began his story.

"Miss Sahiba, I feel that God sent you here just for my sake. I'm a Brahmin, but I'm a very sinful man. The other night sitting out there on the lawn in the silver moonlight listening to what you and others said about drink, I knew every word was true. I've been a drunkard for years. I've squandered great wealth.

"I am court physician. I belong to a family that have served as physicians in our Rajah Sahib's court for over 200 years. Anyone here in the town will tell you how successful I've been

in my medical profession when sober. Oh, wretched man that I am, to have wasted my life and made my family so unhappy! The Rajah himself has pleaded with me again and again to give it up, but it seemed I could not. I wanted to come and see you on the morning following the temperance meeting, but thought I would wait until I had tried again to keep from drink, and now today is the tenth day since I've touched a drop. I have now come to sign the pledge."

I was deeply touched by his humility (those who know Brahmins will understand) in thus laying bare his wasted life. Every word of it was afterwards verified.

I felt as I looked on his sad face and listened to his words that told of futile effort, that he could not stand in his own strength, and pointed him to Christ. He listened attentively. He had often heard before, but like so many of the high caste people, said it would be so difficult to break away from the brotherhood. He signed the pledge and on the morning of our departure back to the plains he accompanied us all the way across the beautiful lawn, passed under the big gate in the wall, and on down the steep, stony road to the little suspension bridge over the Ravi River, and then with tears in his eyes bade us good-bye and asked us not to forget him.

For some time I had occasional messages from the mountain town saying that Radha Kishen the *hakim* was keeping his pledge. The Rajah had reinstated him. Then one day the beloved doctor missionary of the mountain state wrote:

> "Our friend Radha Kishen is no more. One day he was tempted, took a drink, fell down a precipice and was so badly injured that he died."

I am not ashamed to say that I wept over him, as over a brother. I could still see his sad face and hear his pleading cry for help. He had tried, and if *temptation had not been there* this would not have been his end.

Oh, that we who say we love the Lord might never cease our offorts until we have removed such temptations from the Orient! Surely they have deserved better from our hands!

The following autumn while praying about where to spend the five weeks of my vacation, the door opened into another mountain region seventy miles from Pathankot, and east of the mountain town where our previous vacation had been spent. A kind European official, a sessions judge, gave my sister and me the use of his rest house in the town of the pine forest. This bungalow had six large rooms and a garden.

From the little study window I looked out on a wondrous view of mountain stream and bowlders, and pine-clad rocky steeps. Ordinarily the waters came tumbling down clear as crystal, over the gray granite rocks where they were dashed into feathery sheets of foam, but sometimes when a storm swept over the upper hills, and the rain descended in torrents, the flood came down in wild impetuous grandeur.

One day while busy writing, I heard an unusual roar in the noisy stream, and hastened to the window to see what was happening. A wall of yellow water was tumbling down the gorge at a furious rate and I heard the stonebreakers who had been peacefully plying their trade out in the center of the bed of the stream where the quiet waters played around the big bowlders, screaming out to each other, "Run for your life, the flood is upon us!" In watching these floods I was reminded of some of the mighty revivals I had witnessed in India, sweeping through congregations, schools and conventions, leaving behind them as the floods always do, an enlarged, cleansed channel, through which the water of life could flow more freely.

I had not been in the town of the pine forest many days until a group of men, women and children, all non-Christians, were coming daily for Bible study and prayer.

PULAD.

The "assistant water carrier" who had heard of Christ in a way so wonderful.

I must tell you about Pulad. The assistant water carrier who was attached to the rest house said it was impossible for him to carry two or three jars of water up from the spring of sweet water daily, so Pulad, a lad of ten or eleven, who was hovering around the place in search of work, was glad to be taken on as assistant, and as is usually the case, the big burden of work fell upon the assistant. He came in to prayers bright and early the day after having been engaged as water carrier to the household.

It did my heart good to see the sturdy limbs of this boy. Most of India's dear little ones are so pitifully thin. The hurt of it all never leaves me.

I began questioning him while the others gathered.

"What is your name?"

"Pulad."

"Pulad, whom do you worship?"

"God," answered the boy.

"How many gods do you think there are?"

This puzzled him and he answered, "I don't know."

"Which one do you worship?"

Imagine my surprise when he promptly replied, "Isa Masih" (Jesus Christ).

"Pulad, who told you to worship Isa Masih?"

"Pithu told me,—Pithu the brother of Gopalu who lives with you."

Then I understood. My mind flew back to a precious morning last Christmas week when a beloved missionary of the Punjab, known as the Apostle of Praise, and I were coming down from the quaint old hill town of Kangra where we had been helping in some evangelistic meetings. We were in a tonga, and as we had a fresh relay of horses every few miles we fairly flew over the forty-mile journey down to Pathankot, but we did not travel too rapidly for that devoted servant of God to try to give the message of love to every man, woman and child we met or passed. It sounds incredible, but I saw it and know it is true. Once the tonga rolled rapidly past a young Hindu who was walking in our direction. His face looked familiar, and I exclaimed:

"Oh, that is Gopalu's brother. Do speak to him!" Seeing my smiling welcome the young man ran quickly and overtook the tonga. Motioning him to sit down in the only vacant place, a low seat at the footboard, he clung to the jolting cart like a monkey, while the good padre, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, "My son, listen earnestly to what I have to tell you." Then in what seemed inspired words, he told Pithu of Jesus Christ. He had only a few minutes, for the driver, a Hindu, objected to the

queer ways of this missionary who caught up strangers by the wayside and gave them a free ride.

As Pithu clambered down the padre said, "Now you know the way of salvation. Remember the name, Isa Masih!" So this morning's talk, eight months later, revealed how well the wayside message had been remembered. I praise God when I think of it.

You who read, pray for Pulad who lives in a village wholly given over to idols, high up in the Himalayas. Pithu, too, remember. He was at one time a drunkard and while under the influence of drink committed a misdemeanor which sent him to jail for one whole year.

Gopalu, whose story I wish I could give in detail, followed me down from still another mountain retreat among the tea plantations when only a boy of thirteen or fourteen. He learned to read and write, then studied photography and was soon able to make his own way. His father was a well-to-do shepherd farmer, but coming under the influence of a second wife, refused to help support either the first wife or her children. However, Gopalu, from the very beginning, loved Jesus.

One morning in my little study I read to him the following lines which a dear brother in Christ had put into Urdu verse:

"Under an eastern sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die
For me.

"Thorns crowned His blessed head,
Blood stained His weary tread,
Cross laden He was led,
For me.

"Pierced were His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat,
For me."

The tears streamed down Gopalu's face as he heard these soul-piercing words of his Saviour's sufferings for him. Choking back a sob he said, "Oh, it is the cruel cross and all His awful suffering, that make His life shine so brightly in the world today!"

Never can India's precious ones be brought to His pierced feet until the "sent ones," too, go the way of pain and suffering.

To resume, word soon spread through the town of the pine forest that the Miss Sahiba, who was stopping in the government rest house, was the lady from Pathankot, who was interested in putting down the drink evil. Timidly some of the people sought me out and when they discovered that I treated them as brothers, others came, and it was not long until a meeting for August 12th had been arranged for the purpose of bringing this subject before the people.

This meeting was so enthusiastic that I was urged to call another one for organization. On August 31st the boys' school hall was again packed, and a program which covered three hours was listened to intently.

Showers interspersed with sunshine came and went but the ardor of the audience was so great that the changeable weather had no effect.

This pine-sheltered town is the centre of a great tea industry where hundreds of coolies work on the plantations. The hill people, generally shepherd-farmers, are greatly addicted to the drink of *chatki* and *sur* which they make in their own homes from rice.

Mr. Mohamed Azim, a forest officer whose work takes him into the remote villages of the high hills, said that drink was ruining this once prosperous district, that people drank everywhere, in their homes, in the bazars, by the road-

side, under the bridges, and in the shelter of the trees.

This Mohammedan official who is keen on the temperance question, at the close of an impassioned appeal to the audience to help in putting down the great evil, said, "I am interested to the extent of 10 rupees, and will give more hereafter." Thirty-five rupees were then and there raised by the fifteen members of the newly-organized society, to be used as an equipment fund.

This union promised to try to organize branches in every important center throughout their beautiful valley. The net was being spread even in the remote mountain regions.

Prohibition is sorely needed. Indians want it, and before long we hope its banner will be waving from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from the Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal.

# A NATIONAL GUEST

BUILDING THE TEMPERANCE HALL.
The crude methods employed on construction work in India.

## CHAPTER VI

## A NATIONAL GUEST

THE year of 1916 will ever be remembered as the time when the temperance society found for itself a home. None too soon did it come; but some at least are glad of the memory of those precious days in the Little Church where the work was started and where those wonderful first meetings were held when enthusiasm mounted high. How often have I heard the most endearing names given to the House of God by those who once passed by with looks of indifference and scorn. Twice at least the magistrate had said to me as he entered the church door, "That corner up there by the pulpit is the dearest spot in all the world to me, for there I gave up that evil habit which caused so much unhappiness to my loved ones."

The new home was needed, for long ago the society had outgrown the Little Church. A fine plot of land just across from the church had been secured by the vice president of the society and given over as his contribution to the work.

Most of the town people gave liberally to the building fund. A few who promised, but failed in paying up, gave under compulsion. One such person one day invited the Magistrate to dine with him. The Magistrate sent back a message saying, "I will not enter your house until you have paid over to the Miss Sahiba what you subscribed that day on the building fund." It was paid, and then the honored guest accepted the proffered hospitality.

When a few hundred rupees were in hand the foundation was laid and a wall was built around part of the compound. More money came and the walls of the building were started. This work went on until the walls were ready for the roof and then the flow of money ceased. Since I would not allow any debt, the work also stopped.

I was in distress, and greatly tried. While nearly all the town people were sympathetic, there were those who viewed our work with suspicion, and would have been only too glad to see all the work terminate in failure. Some said, "After all, she is a Christian, and it is her object to win us away from our old faiths, and who knows what use may be made of this building when it is finished?" The liquor dealer was rejoicing openly and saying, "She undertook what she cannot finish." Even our faithful

helpers remained away. The winter rains were near at hand and it was doubtful if those sheer, straight walls eighteen feet high, unprotected by a roof, would stand a forty-eight hour downpour such as Pathankot frequently had. I often had visions of the walls crumbling down in the rains.

Several days passed away with no relief in sight. They were praying in the school, praying every day, still the answer came not.

One evening after prayers with the girls in the church I said, "Will all who have a little leisure, please remain here with me for more prayer." A dozen or more remained, came up to my chair, and sat down on the floor beside me. Leaving the chair and sitting on the floor among them, I told them of the great need, and of how their faith was being tried, and how many were looking on to see the outcome.

They poured out their hearts before God and asked that they might not be made ashamed before the enemy. They knew not whence money could come, but He knew and they left their case with Him.

So they prayed several evenings; then one night about nine o'clock the watchman announced that two gentlemen were waiting outside to speak to the Miss Sahiba. I told him to admit them

and when they entered, I saw the Magistrate and the Secretary. Apologizing for troubling me at such a late hour, they said they had such good news that they could not wait until morning to break it. The Magistrate turning to the Secretary said, "You tell her." This is what I heard:

"Today we received five hundred rupees for the roof of our hall, and now we want to know what the estimate for the roof is. With this sum you can begin the work, and we now know where to get sufficient to finish it."

I could not keep back the tears, and my heart just seemed ready to burst at this wonderful answer to prayer. The two men were deeply moved, too.

"Brothers," I said, "forgive my tears. I cannot keep them back. I've been carrying a very heavy burden of late, for you know the responsibility of the building rests largely on me, but God is indeed faithful and has heard our cry for now this wonderful answer has come."

"Miss Sahiba," said the Magistrate, "we said today when the five hundred rupees came we felt you and your school daughters must be praying, for it came in such a strange way. We now know where to get more, so just call back your carpenters and coolies and get right at the work before the rains set in and injure the unprotected walls. We are sorry to have kept

OPENING THE TEMPERANCE HALL.
The Deputy Commissioner officiating at the opening ceremony, and other temperance leaders.

away so long but we were ashamed to come empty handed. Now we know God does hear and answer prayer. Just keep on praying and all will be well."

On May 29, before the hall was entirely finished, it was formally opened by Mr. Watson, the Deputy Commissioner, who had received the news that they had all along feared would come, that he had been transferred to another district and would have to leave very soon. They felt no other person was so worthy as he to open the Temperance Hall. No one had helped more than he, not only by sympathy and admonition, but in a financial way as well, for out of his own pocket he had given 350 rupees toward the building fund.

The opening ceremony was performed in the evening, quietly and reverently, after an impressive program. Most of the speakers took this opportunity to bid farewell to Mr. Watson and referred to his sympathetic and popular administration in most eulogistic terms.

Mr. Watson humorously replied in a closing speech that he had written to Mrs. Watson that he had become very proud of hearing his praises in the past week and that she would have to adopt some means to knock out his pride when he reached Dalhousie. A garden party at the

school bungalow closed the functions of the happy day.

When it was first suggested that the National W. C. T. U. of India should hold its fourteenth annual convention in Pathankot, we were indeed puzzled what answer to give. Heretofore this organization had been entertained by one of the large cities; sometimes it was Calcutta, sometimes Madras or Bombay had been honored, and now it was willing to receive an invitation from the little town of Pathankot.

I remembered how several years ago some Indian friends in a certain large city had expressed sympathy on my being sent by the Mission to the out-of-the-way, unknown town of Pathankot. I had answered, "Who knows, it may become *known* some day." And now God had let it become known to the outside world, partly through the band of temperance workers whose motto was "Temperance, Purity and Unity."

In order that the invitation might receive recognition it must be sent to the national union through the local society. When the Pathankot group of missionaries decided that they could provide food and lodging for the members of the convention, I introduced the subject to our executive committee. By this time the men had a greatly enlarged vision of the army of workers for temperance in the world, but the four let-

ters W. C. T. U. mystified them. What did they stand for?

Then I had the opportunity of explaining the origin of the temperance work in our own country. I told them that many years ago, in a small town in the state of Ohio a little band of Christian women met and prayed that the drink traffic might be destroyed; yes, prayed kneeling even in snow outside the liquor shops. These devoted women, now known as Crusaders, were the founders of the organization later known as the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and it was a part of this organization working in India that wished to come up North to hold one of its big conventions.

"But how did they ever hear about our little town?" one asked, with surprise.

"Because of your zeal in the temperance cause," I replied.

The Magistrate said most heartily, "These good and noble women do us an honor in wishing to visit out unpretentious town. I move that we send them a most cordial welcome to our hearts and homes."

Now what preparations should be made? Many suggestions were heard and committees appointed to carry them out. It was decided first of all that the time of the convention should be in the month of November and should include our

anniversary days, and that the town should have finer decorations than the preceding year, more paper pennants, cleaner streets, larger meeting tents, brighter lights, and a coat of fresh whitewash on the shops of the main street. The men as they talked became most enthusiastic and went to work at once to raise funds for all this extra expense among themselves. Some put in as much as ten rupees. And so it came to pass that the Men's Temperance Society of Pathankot, North India, had the honor of having their town chosen by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, as the place of meeting for the Fourteenth National Convention.

The whole town entered into this new undertaking with great zeal and allowed itself to be scrubbed and scoured until, on the day of the arrival of the guests, it scarcely recognized its own shining face. The guests probably did not appreciate the transformation so much as some of us did.

One motor truck and several carriages met the incoming guests on the day set for the opening of the convention. They were received on the long railway platform by the temperance reception committee. Tents were in evidence everywhere, and the government rest house, freshly painted, had been given over freely for

the use of the guests. Soon all the tired ladies, some of whom had come a thousand miles, were safely housed and told to rest until evening.

The Magistrate had been given a day off so that he might help the Miss Sahiba in every possible way. He had also been informed that it would be incumbent on him as the highest official of the town to give the address of welcome in behalf of the people. This worried him not a little, but realizing it was his *duty* he set his teeth firmly and said, "I'll do my best, but Miss Sahiba, you know I'm no speaker. I can give orders and have them executed, but I am not accustomed to making speeches." Notwithstanding his trepidation he did splendidly, though he afterwards remarked naively, "I'm glad no one noticed how my knees trembled when I stood up there on the platform."

Many full accounts of this unique gathering were published and bits culled from some of them will be given to show what others thought of it.

Mrs. M. B. Denning, the President of the National Union, wrote:

> "For the first time in the history of the W. C. T. U. in India we went to the North, and held our convention in Pathankot, a city in the Punjab. [Yes, she wrote *city*.

Lo, the unknown little town had become a *city* of the *Punjab*!]

"It was a lovely spot, just in the foot hills of the Himalayas and a long line of the snowy range in sight all the time. The air was bracing, and I told the audience at the great anniversary of the Men's Temperance Society that it was no wonder there were so many tall men up there. A fine body of men they were. In the whole district there are eight hundred members of the society. They are Hindus, Sikhs, Mohammedans and Christians.

"On Sabbath I addressed an audience of four hundred or five hundred on the subjects embodied in their motto, Temperance, Purity and Unity. As I spoke from the text 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' I saw many tear-dimmed eyes. There was real soul-hunger in their faces.

"The meeting was held in a Shamina or open-sided tent. Fine looking Sikhs, Mohommedans and various sects of Hindus made up the audience. Think of these men looking up respectfully and listening to the President of the W. C. T. U., a Christian *woman*! They saw that the message came not from her but from God."

Another guest wrote:

"Pathankot will stand out in the history of temperance work as a banner town having made leaps and bounds in definite advance toward victory."

Still another reported:

"Led by Miss Campbell, one of the missionaries, Pathankot has a temperance organization of eight hundred men, including a number of societies in the surrounding towns and villages. It was the second anniversary of their organization. Arrangements had been made to celebrate this anniversary with the coming of our convention, and to place the memorial tablet in the fine Temperance Hall they are building. The Deputy Commissioner, who is heart and soul and by example with them, also came to do honor to the occasion. Delegates came in from the outlying towns and villages to help form the procession as they marched through the town. Never before had we seen such little home-made push carts that headed each delegation, carrying on them their drums and musical instruments. As they rolled past, each one paused in true Oriental style before the assembly that their singer might give his song, composed for

the occasion, telling of the woes of the wine-cup. As he sang, the refrain would be taken up by those around him. One told of the Temperance Tree planted by Miss Campbell, watered by the magistrate, and fenced in by the Deputy Commissioner. In one cart sat a cultured man from Oxford University, who gladly gives his time and influence to help his less favored fellow-townsmen. It was no town rabble, for the magistrate and the leading men of the place are enthusiastic members of the Society.

"For two nights the shamina was thronged. At one time fully one thousand were present. They came to hear and see magic lantern pictures showing the evils of intemperance. Some were lurid views by amateur artists, in Oriental colours and settings, much more appealing to an Indian crowd than the cold, dull plates of western life that cannot be understood. Resolutions were passed asking the Punjab Government to close all liquor shops during all religious festivals and to suppress the use of cigarettes by minors.

"We heard many touching incidents. For one poor drunkard who they feared might break his pledge, the saloon was watched by day, and some brother at night would

take his bedding and sleep by its door to guard his secret entrance. Another mistrusted one had to place the forfeit of fifty rupees with the society as a security for his standing firm.

"We could not close this report without mention of the spiritual side of these meetings. Amid the rush of business how often was heard the call to prayer, and our hearts were uplifted as one of David's Psalms, wrung from his heart in some great hour of trial or triumph, was sung in gladness and trust as of one voice. Over and over the thought would come, we are among women who know how to touch the Arm of Power, who have been with the Master in the garden of anguish and have seen Him on the Mount of Transfiguration. And so while all would walk humbly, know that the White Ribbon banner is being nailed higher, with the hope that some day it will float over a world redeemed from the curse of drink."

"The Civil and Military Gazette" had a fine notice of the meeting. It said:

"A most interesting ceremony took place at Pathankot on Saturday, Nov. 13th, when the cornerstone of the new Temperance Hall

was laid by Mr. H. D. Watson, the popular Deputy Commissioner of Gurdaspur district. After his address in which he congratulated the inhabitants of Pathankot on their zeal in this cause and bade them God-speed in their efforts to improve the condition of their fellow men, he proceeded to lay the cornerstone of the fine new hall.

"Beneath a large tent the company assembled, while pennants fluttered in the breeze and songs and music filled the air. The enthusiasm of the great audience was an inspiration to all.

"In a separate building the National W. C. T. U. of India held its meetings. Delegates were present from all over India, some from the mountains and some from far distant places in the plains, all delighted to see the great interest of the Indian people of Pathankot in this cause.

"The women of this great organization, which has as its chief aim pure homes and pure lives, were interested in and greatly encouraged by the zealous efforts of the members of the Men's Temperance Society of Pathankot and congratulated them and their leader."

The third anniversary took place Nov. 12, 1916, and was celebrated with great *eclat* in the new hall. How beautiful it looked to our eyes! The people were greatly stirred and filled with gratitude and wonder. One was overheard saying, "Just to think that we poor people should have been able to erect such a beautiful temple?" Two of the first delegates who arrived came from Nirot where the liquor shop was closed and said, "We have come to tell Pathankot friends of the great blessing conferred on us by having prohibition in our town."

At 2 P. M. the new Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Bosworth Smith, and his wife motored over from Gurdaspur. He made an earnest appeal to all to keep the pledge. A message came from our friend Mr. Watson, the former Deputy Commissioner, now of Jullunder. He said:

> "I wish you all blessing on this auspicious occasion. May your new habitation be a great success. May you go from strength to strength and prove a great power for good in your part of the Punjab."

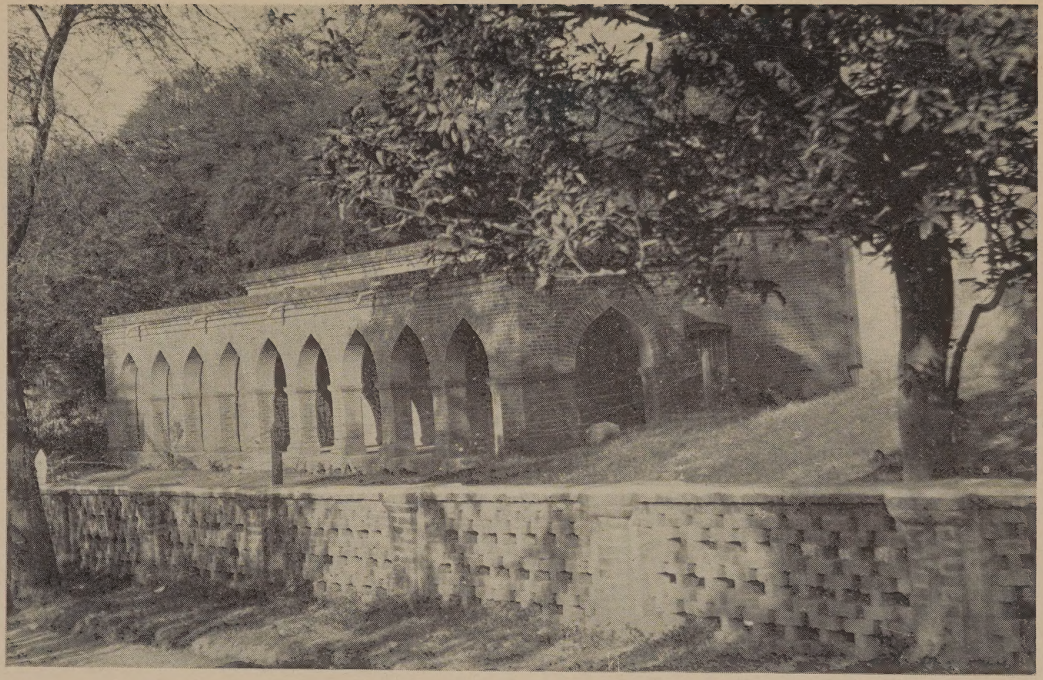
At the close when the call was given to come forward and sign the pledge, the first to step out was a European who had been a hard drinker for thirty years. His name had been on the school prayer list. The effect of his public stand was great.

An Arya Somaj member of the village association said, "The one whom the Miss Sahiba follows, Jesus Christ, died on the cross to save men, and His Spirit has caused her to help save us from this awful curse." Such testimony from this source was soul-refreshing!

A missionary from Rawal Pindi wrote:

> "What hath God wrought! It is just grand about your Temperance Hall. I never heard anything like it outside of fairy land or the Bible.
>
> "How we do praise for it all and are remembering the leaders in our prayers. God bless and prosper all your work more and more wonderfully."

Before the year 1916 closed the school, dispensary and temperance hall were visited by His Honor Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab, and Lady O'Dwyer, and the Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Casson. All had tea in the little drawing room of the school home afterwards. On their departure the ladies thanked us for giving them the privilege of meeting with the staff of Indian young women. They said it did their hearts good to see such refinement and culture, and it promised well for the future of India.



THE DISPENSARY.

Erected by the Hindus of the town on condition the missionaries would conduct it for the help of the women and children.

His Honor, after inspecting the hall, gave us reason to believe that after the war the Government would give a substantial sum which would enable us to add a verandah on three of its sides.

I had the privilege of attending the thirteenth session of the All-India Temperance Conference in Lucknow, Dec. 27 and 28, 1916. While there I learned what earnest efforts are being made by some missionaries and Indian men to stamp out the evil of drink. The President, The Hon. Rai B. N. Sarma, of Madras, said in the closing part of his long address, that the time had come when the government and temperance reformers should place total abstinence in India as the ultimate goal to be reached in a not distant future. To this our friends in America will say, "Amen."

# THE PREM SANGAT

## CHAPTER VII

## THE PREM SANGAT

THE Men's Temperance Society of Pathankot was without doubt the result of the prayers of the "allies" in the girls' school, but it received great encouragement and help from the Men's Bible Class, better known in Pathankot as the "Prem Sangat" or "Band of Love." Three years before the beginning of the temperance movement, some Sikhs and Hindus became so interested in the Bible lessons at morning prayers in my study that they began bringing in their friends to hear God's word.

It was not long until the room was too small to accommodate all who wished to come. The suggestion was then made that if they were willing the class might be held in the Little Church early on Sabbath mornings, before the time for the regular services of the day. We arranged that the first bell to ring should be the signal for the Prem Sangat to meet for the Bible lesson.

This was heartily agreed to. From that time on every Sabbath morning at seven o'clock the church bell told the people of Pathankot that

any who wished might come to hear the Bible taught.

The class grew steadily in numbers and interest. It was made more efficient by being thoroughly organized. It chose its own secretary and treasurer. In a short time they had enough money in hand to secure a double drum, a small harmonium and a seven-stringed instrument, and it was wonderful how popular their music became. The international lessons were taught with the help of beautiful picture rolls.

What a help those illustrations were! The pictures of our Lord appealed to the hearts of the Hindus in a very special way. The Sikhs, who never cut their hair nor shave their beards, often said when commenting on the long hair of our Lord, as shown in the pictures, "See, He wore His hair as we do!"

It was not long until it was noised abroad that some of these men had turned Christian. Then began petty persecutions.

The wife of one would not allow her husband to eat in the place set apart for that purpose. The Hindu religion requires the performance of certain rites, one of which is to practice a great aloofness in the preparing and partaking of food. A small square place in the kitchen is freshly plastered each day and sprinkled with

water for purification. In this place the head of the house eats his food.

This big, strong man, now under the ban of the Sikh brotherhood, aided and abetted by the irate and disgusted little wife, was made to sit outside the purified corner and eat his food, just like a low caste menial. One day when I asked him how he, a Sikh, could so patiently bear the insults heaped upon him by his wife, he replied, "I scarcely understand the reason myself. In former days for a much smaller offense I would have beaten her and flung her outside the door, but something has changed in me since I began to love the Lord Jesus. Now I feel only pity for her, and pray that I may be patient and so help her to see the light as I see it, and find Him who has given me this inward peace."

Another Sikh member of the class was denied food for three days in his home because he would not promise to give up the Bible Class.

When the temperance society was organized the members of the Prem Sangat became the most ardent personal workers. They were busy men, some farmers, others artisans, and for them to give up even one whole day to this work meant much. In their zeal to save their brothers from drink they sometimes arranged to attend the great religious festivals where thousands of people congregate. In some clean, shady spot

they would pitch their tent, having put the name of their Band over it, bring out their musical instruments, sing first a temperance song, then turn away to the psalms and hymns they loved so well and sing by the hour to a delighted but puzzled audience. "Who are these men?" they would say. "We see before us the bearded, long-haired Sikhs, and all are dressed just as we dress, but what about these songs? They are singing about one Jesus whom the Christians follow."

The singers would say, "When you hear words that do not please you, just get up and go away. We have found great comfort in what we are now singing to you and that is one reason we came here today; the other reason is to tell you of the ruin that is coming to our Punjab because of the drink habit."

They always came home full of joy and with many signatures to the temperance pledge. After returning from one of these gatherings they usually had a little secret conference with me in the school study to tell of some who, like themselves, were beginning to love the Lord.

Deep down in my heart is a hope growing ever stronger, that from this Band a church will yet be formed that will be self-supporting and self-propagating. How these men loved the book of Revelation! This was the last book I had the

privilege of teaching to the "inner circle" who met every morning for Bible study.

One morning the sorely tested Sikh after hearing the sixth chapter read, said, "Now I understand why this war is going on. God foretold it. The red horse and his rider have come and taken peace from the earth."

From prayers he walked straight down to the bazar and told many people that if they wanted a program of coming events, to go up to the girls' school and the Miss Sahiba would tell them all about it. Many came, and said, "Do tell us about the red horse, and the black, and the white, that N—— keeps talking about in the bazar." This gave a wonderful opportunity to tell them about the coming of the King and without doubt a deep impression was made.

One morning N—— came in with a beautiful light in his face and said, "Coming up the road this morning I saw the most wonderful clouds in the sky, so soft, and white and I said to myself, 'It may be He is coming in these.'"

The Prem Sangat had very original ways of building up its membership and attendance. Early on Sabbath mornings one of the members would be stationed by the side of the church gate near where the roads meet, to call out to passers-by, "O brothers, turn aside for a little and come

into this House of God where you will hear that which will do your soul good."

One day the father of Kirpu was standing there calling, when a man leading a goat came along and received the invitation. "But brother," he said, "I can't go in and leave my goat. It would either be stolen or stray away."

"O, never mind the goat," he replied, "just bring it along, too."

Later when I took my place before the class and saw that man sitting in the corner of a pew holding a goat by one of its long ears, and no one taking any notice of it, I was glad that I was able to keep back the smile at the novel sight, and was not ashamed of the tears that filled my eyes when I thought on the earnestness of these men, still outside the pale of the visible Church, yet working so earnestly to bring others to hear the words they had learned to love. Surely the Lord Jesus looked down on them in love.

One week-day morning when the "inner circle" was having its lesson, a Mohammedan stranger came in and sat down. As I finished telling them that there is no salvation save in Jesus alone, and that He is the Son of God, the Mohammedan said, "I admit that Jesus was a great prophet, but more than that, I cannot concede."

The father of Kirpu, who was a fine, handsome man, arose and said, "O Mohammedan brother, Jesus Christ is more than prophet. He is the Son of God."

How that declaration, so simply yet so clearly given, has comforted my heart since. It was the last time the speaker ever attended morning prayers. He fell ill from a fatal disease and was taken away from us, but he had left behind his public confession.

The members of the temperance society also did much personal work. One of their special duties was to strengthen the weak and keep them from falling. One day I suggested the appointment of a look-out committee. Usually the men accepted my suggestions without comment, but this one did not please one of the wealthy Sikh members who had given up drink. He arose and said, "Miss Sahiba, a look-out committee is not needed. If you only knew how every member watches with the greatest vigilance every other member, you would see that such a committee would be superfluous."

Three young men of the fast set were determined not to unite with the temperance society. On the day of the monthly meeting, in order to escape the efforts of the zealous temperance workers to get them to attend, they used to hide in some dark inner room in their

homes and remain hidden for at least twelve hours. They said, "Whoever wishes liberty to drink must keep away from that church. Once you go inside the temperance meeting you cannot get away without signing the pledge; once it is signed you have to keep it for the whole town will see to it that it is kept."

The drink shop was well guarded. Immediately back of it, the Magistrate held his court; at one side the superintendent of police, a very tall, broad-shouldered man, a Mohammedan and temperance advocate, had his office; while in front of it stood the government hospital for men, with the Hindu doctor, a strong pillar in the temperance society, in charge. This doctor offered to prescribe free of charge to all drinkers who might suffer from having given up drink. Some, I believe, did suffer agony, but very little was ever said about it. Many said that after three months' freedom from drink the desire had gone but I knew they were always in danger when they had to smell it in passing by the shop.

The Sikh who had lost all his wealth through drink was a teacher in the government school for boys. He told me that sometimes when a terrible craving for drink came over him, he would feel himself being drawn almost irresistibly toward the drink shop, then realizing his danger,

CLASSES IN CALISTHENICS.
Some of the classes in the Girls' High School, in the courtyard before the dormitories.

he would turn and flee away to the open country, walking miles and coming back utterly exhausted.

If Christian rulers could only see the cruelty of putting men, made in God's image, in such danger!

Tobacco was not mentioned in the pledge taken by the men, but some gave up its use. The Secretary, like nearly all Mohammedans, smoked and loved his pipe. One day in thinking over all he had seen in the temperance work he said, "What a selfish man I am! I see all my poor brothers around me giving up drink and fighting so bravely the craving for it. Shall I not suffer a little with them? I'll give up the *huqqa*." And he did.

One day the school girls came to me and said, "Miss Sahiba, we would like to organize a temperance society in our school. We know that we do not face this evil here, or in our homes. but we want to study the question so that when we go out into the world we may be able to help save others. Besides, there is one wasteful habit practiced in nearly all our homes. Our fathers and brothers smoke and sometimes the women smoke too. Please teach us about the evil effects of nicotine, in order that we may be able to talk intelligently about it." The or-

ganization was effected with about thirty members and held monthly meetings.

It was not long until the girls began praying very earnestly that their fathers and brothers might give up the use of tobacco. Requests like these became common: "Please pray that my father may give up the huqqa," or "Please pray that my brother may see the sinfulness of using cigarettes."

In a remarkably short time some answers began coming in and the praise offered did my heart good. There were three sisters in the school who had a great burden for their aged father, a pastor, who felt he could not give up the pipe. The girls always asked for prayers on his behalf. One evening one sister said, "Father says smoking is a social custom. He thinks he can draw closer to the village people by smoking the *huqqa*. He also says it is easier to think out his sermons when he is smoking."

It was suggested that they keep praying that he might see that a little prayer meeting with the village people would be a stronger bond to unite them than the social custom of smoking.

As girl after girl reported victory in her home over the tobacco habit, these three sisters became very much disturbed and their prayers were most touching. At last one evening I knew there was something good to hear for

they came to prayers with their faces wreathed in smiles. Rosa, the eldest, at the first opportunity arose and said, "Girls, rejoice with us. A letter came from home today from dear father. He says that God has enabled him to give up his pipe and has taken away all desire for it. He also wrote that never before had he such joy in his work as now, being no longer a slave to a habit." Greatly did all rejoice with the three sisters.

The missionary in G——— had a great burden on his heart for the pastors and other Christian workers who were addicted to this habit but felt that they regarded it as only a little thing and not worth speaking about. Presbytery was to be held in his station. He arranged for a part of one of the sessions to be given to the Reformer from the City of the Golden Temple. An elder from the Pathankot congregation who went over as a delegate announced on his return that he had given up the noxious weed. He said, "I attended the meeting of Presbytery in G——. A man had come to us from a distance to give a talk on temperance. His first words were—'Brothers of the Christian faith, I know I am standing before an audience tonight that hates liquor as much as I do, so will not take your time in dealing with this evil, but forgive me if I do speak a few words concerning a habit

which the Indian Christians have not yet thrown off to any great extent. I refer to the use of tobacco. Now your religion is, of all religions, the most spiritual. Your Christ calls on his followers to lead pure lives. Why sully them with the dirty habit of smoking?'

"These words," said the elder, "pierced my heart. I said to myself—'This man, a Hindu, yet speaking to us of the purity of our faith and begging us not to tarnish it with the filthy habit! I'll give it up.'"

Later almost all the leading Christian workers in that district gave up the use of tobacco.

The matter was agitated in other presbyteries and when synod next met there were few ministers and elders who sought quiet corners for the friendly smoke; rather did the few remaining smokers seek places of concealment to have their smoke in peace. Such is the power of prayer!

One of the good results growing out of the temperance agitation was the abhorrence that people began to have for the drink shop and all connected with it. No one wanted it placed near his home. The new Deputy Commissioner sent over word one day to the temperance society in Pathankot, that while he did not see his way clear as yet to close the shop entirely, he did give the society permission to have it removed from its present position on one of the main

streets to the most undesirable place they could find. This order came on Nov. 22, 1916. The Magistrate who had been such a power in the temperance cause had been transferred from the town of Pathankot to the great city of the Golden Temple, a promotion which showed how well he stood in the estimation of the government. The title of Rai Sahib, an honor bestowed by the government upon Indian gentlemen for some conspicuous social or political service, had also been conferred upon him.

Fortunately his successor was also heart and soul with the temperance cause. It was through him that the order came from the Deputy Commissioner. He sent a note over to me saying, "The Deputy Commissioner wants to put the drink shop in a more distant place. Please let me know where, in your opinion, it should be placed."

The members of the executive committee were called and we started out to find a new home for the drink shop. We stopped first in a tiny, three-cornered bit of land, belonging to the government, which the Magistrate thought might be as inaccessible as any place in the town, but it happened to be near the home of the European who had lately signed the pledge. He objected so strenuously to having it so near his home that we moved on in search of another place. We

next came to the Sikh quarters and found on the outer edge a piece of untilled land covered with refuse from the village street. It was suggested that this might be a good place to locate. The odor from the shop would partly be lost in the many foul odors that already abounded in that unclean spot. While discussing the matter a Sikh came up and said, "Brothers, the only path our women have to go in and out of our quarters is past this spot and if you decide to place the shop here I shall be obliged to appeal to the higher authorities for redress."

Not wishing to place the objectionable thing in any place it was not wanted, the committee walked on until they came to the butchers' quarters where Mohammedans kill and dress beef for sale. Now this portion of the town is never entered by the orthodox Hindu, who, because of his great reverence for the cow, counts it sacrilege to slaughter cattle.

A Hindu lawyer, a bright young man and good temperance worker, laughingly suggested that if we really desired the wiping out of the shop we could find no better place to locate it than here beside the butcher shop, for he said, "The Mohammedans who frequent this place do not as a rule drink, and no Hindu would dare set foot inside the enclosure no matter how much he might be longing for a drink."

This matter of slaughtering cattle is perhaps the cause of more religious disturbance in India than any other. Remember this, the Magistrate who always had thoughts of law and order in his mind, said the government might not think it wise to have the shop placed there.

There seemed to be no place for the drink shop,—no place, either suitable or unsuitable. At last when all were weary from the long walk about the outskirts of the town, the Magistrate stopped in a field and said, "Do we not have a temperance society in Pathankot? Have we not erected a fine hall for our society? What do we want with a drink shop? Let us vote it out of the place. Let us get 3,500 signatures and send them up to our Deputy Commissioner begging him to close the drink shop in Pathankot once for all." To this all agreed.

A few weeks later hundreds of signatures over a request for closing the shop were sent up to the authorities. Having to leave India about that time I could not see the matter pushed through, but I rejoice that the town put itself on record as being wholly against drink.

The liquor dealer lost heavily in his business. Once he approached a young Hindu lawyer and said to him, "I've suffered great loss because of this temperance society. Now I'm going to bring

a suit against it and I want you to take up the case for me."

The young man in replying said, "I'm afraid you are too late in making your request. A few weeks ago I became a member of that society myself."

One incalculable good accomplished by the missionary's taking an active part in the temperance cause was the help in removing the stain that rested upon the Christian name. Over and over again does one hear it said that to be a Christian means liberty to use alcoholic beverages.

Miss Louisa Marston in her little book, "Victory or Defeat," a temperance story published in India in 1912, makes one of the characters well say:

> "What about the blessed name of Christ our Lord? How is that affected? For to those who call themselves Christians this should be a vital point.
>
> "In this land what causes the greatest slur on that holy name? Surely it is that His followers are those who are known to be drinkers of alcohol. If this be so, surely we should say, Away with it! Away with it! We will have naught to do with that which causes the name of Jesus to be blas-

phemed. Hundreds of years ago the cry went forth through all Christendom to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of unbelievers who held it and at the call men sprang to their feet with the cry, 'Let us avenge the shame of Jesus.'

"Today that call comes to us. Let us avenge the shame of Christ Jesus in this land, let us wipe the stain from the name which is above every other name, and let it cease to be said that His followers are known by their love and use of alcohol, let them rather be known by their pure, holy lives, by their hatred of *all* that is evil."

Just before leaving dear India two letters were sent to me by two Sikh members of the Prem Sangat, which I prize more than any other possessions I have. The older of the two wrote—

"It was by the command of our Heavenly Father that you started the temperance society and the 'Prem Sangat' Bible Class. All of Pathankot will be grateful to you all their days.

"I want briefly to give you my history. God gave me a love for Him from the days of my childhood, but I did not know where to find Him. I visited all the different re-

ligious bodies, I read all the sacred books, I consulted many religious teachers, but no one could tell me where to find Him.

"While in this condition of unrest about five years ago, I began coming to your Bible Class, and listened while you taught from the holy book. From it I learned that the dear Lord, having conquered death, went up alive to the Heavenly Father, from whence He had come. Then I knew where to find God. Peace and joy came into my heart and I kept on coming to your meetings. One night in June, 1916, at eleven o'clock, I was lying on my back meditating on what I had read in the gospel of Luke, when I distinctly heard a voice saying, 'Who is my servant?' I sprang up and replied, 'I am,' and before me I saw such a beautiful person standing clad in shining garments looking down upon me with such tenderness. In a few moments the vision vanished, but my heart was filled with rapture for I knew I had seen Him."

The younger Sikh wrote:

"I am grateful to you with all my heart for your most earnest endeavours in leading me, a great sinner, into the knowledge of the way of salvation. My heart used to

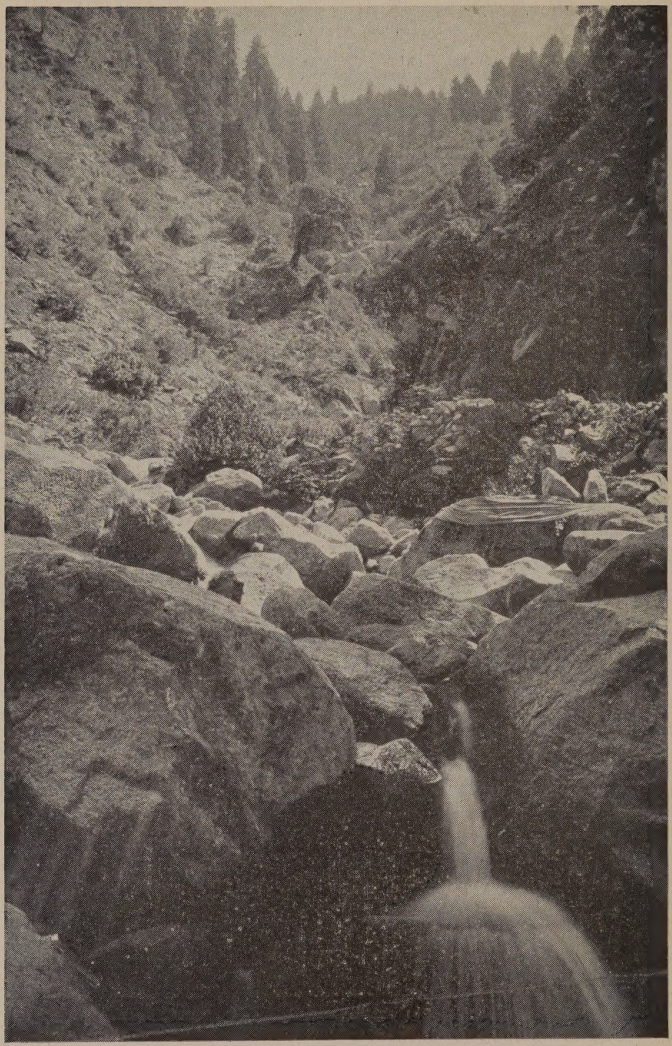
be like stone, but since hearing about the Lord Jesus it has become like wax. Now I have light. Now I see the way. I love the Lord Jesus with my whole heart. I know no other. I believe that there is only one door, and besides Jesus I see no one else who can save me.

"At first I was in darkness. I thought there were many roads that led to God, but sister, you held out the true light, the word of God, and I saw Jesus.

"I was an ignorant man, but you explained to me so clearly that I understood. Like as a fish without water dies, so I without love, would surely die."

After receiving this letter I learned from a Christian brother that the writer had called him into the Little Church and said, "Let us kneel and pray." He prayed that he might write me nothing but the truth, then said, "You write what I dictate," and the above was his message.

# THE PRAISES OF JEHOVAH



A Mountain Stream.

Through most of the year a limpid stream fed from the perpetual snows, but during the monsoon season a rushing torrent.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE PRAISES OF JEHOVAH.

ONE evening while standing on the front verandah Bible in hand waiting for the signal for evening prayers, I heard voices calling down from the roof, "O, Miss Sahiba! O, girls! Do look at the beautiful sunset. Surely the gates of Heaven are open tonight!" A group of girls, who, like myself, were waiting for the call to prayers, had their faces turned toward the glory of the departing day.

The sunsets of Pathankot are always worth stopping a moment to see, but that night the sky seemed lit up with unusual splendor. The sun had set behind the old fort in a bank of huge, grey, sullen clouds which threatened to cover the whole heavens with darkness, but the sun had yet to put the finishing touch to his work of the day. He flooded the clouds with gold. Great streams of gold shot through with streaks of silver poured over those mountains of vapor, while on the outlying rim of the grey, an unseen hand seemed to be scattering rose buds of faintest pink.

I turned toward the long ranges of the Himalayas, so serene and still, and as I looked cloudlets that rested so lightly on the highest peaks began to take on faint touches of the rosy hue.

The master hand of the Divine Artist again swept across the sky and the lovely touches of color gradually faded away giving place to the pure, deep purple of the dusk, out of which shone with unwonted brilliance the evening star.

As we slipped quietly into the Little Church for our evening devotions, the impressions of the sunset were still vividly with us and gave added fervor to the song service which preceded the evening lesson and prayer.

At the close of the Bible lesson for several evenings I had been reading a little booklet to the girls which contained the story of the martyrdom in Tibet of an aristocratic, young Sikh, Kartar Singh, who had forsaken all for Jesus. The book was written by Sundar Singh, who was also a convert from a fine, old Sikh family and who had given up everything the world counts dear for the love he bore to his Saviour.

We in the school all longed to meet Sundar Singh, and hear from his own lips his wonderful experiences as he traveled into the depths of the forbidden land of Tibet. The members of the Men's Bible Class also longed most

earnestly to see and talk with the man who had faced death so many times for Jesus' sake. They somehow felt he could understand their position. They shed tears over the account of the young martyr who had bravely followed the Master's leading from the plains of the Punjab to the bleak heights of Tibet, and there alone, surrounded by a cruel, jeering crowd of Tibetans had given his life gladly for the sake of Him who had died for him.

A chorus of voices in Pathankot now began asking me to call Sundar Singh, but it was not easy to know where to find him. He had no fixed abiding place. At last the invitation that was published in the vernacular weekly Christian paper, "Scattering Light," reached him, and he wrote from the borders of Tibet that he would be happy to visit Pathankot on his return from that land early in October. It was May when he wrote.

During the months that intervened before his coming many of the school girls had entered into deeper spiritual experiences than they had ever known before. Some were definitely blessed in the Sialkot Convention that fall where an unusual work of grace went on in the women's prayer room. On Saturday night a missionary came over from the big "tent of meeting" into the prayer room and said, "The work of God is

being hindered. There was no liberty in that big meeting tonight. Oh, what can be wrong?"

A Welsh sister who had been taught the deep things of God suggested that the hindrance might be right in the prayer room. "For the past hour or so," she continued, "my heart has felt like a heavy weight; to pray has been a burden. Let us ask why we are so wanting in fervor and power tonight. I wonder how many in this room have at some period in their lives definitely yielded to the Holy Spirit." A young Indian teacher said weeping, "I know not whether I have the Spirit."

Other similar confessions were made (there were twelve or thirteen in the prayer room at that midnight hour) and then the flood gates of blessing were opened. None who were there that night can ever forget the joy that filled hearts after lives were wholly given over to God.

Many things worked against the Convention that year,—every plan upset, terrible rains, the big meeting tent soaked with rain so that it could not be used for two days. This made smaller groups necessary. The great audience was divided into four groups for the Sabbath morning service. This gave the missionary, whom God had used so wonderfully that midnight hour in the women's prayer room, an opportunity to give to many the message God had

laid upon her heart,—the message of receiving the Holy Spirit by faith. Now this truth had been taught from the first at this convention, but had been gradually lost sight of by many of the speakers in late years. The sister's message startled the audience that listened to her that Sabbath morning in the school chapel. Dr. G. A. was especially impressed with her presentation of the truth. Fallow ground was broken up.

In passing through the dining tent the morning following this meeting, I came face to face with one of my school girls and her mother. This girl was eleven years of age and one of the brightest students in the school, but was carelessness personified. It was laid upon my heart to speak to her there in the tent. Drawing her close to my side I said, "Dear child, you want to be an earnest follower of Jesus, don't you?" She nodded her assent. "Will you not then ask the Heavenly Father to give you His Spirit?" Bowing her head she said so simply, "Please, dear Father, give me the Holy Spirit." Then I said, "Now won't you thank Him for having heard and given you just as you have asked?" This too, she did, while the mother, who had been praying silently all the time exclaimed, "Praise the Lord."

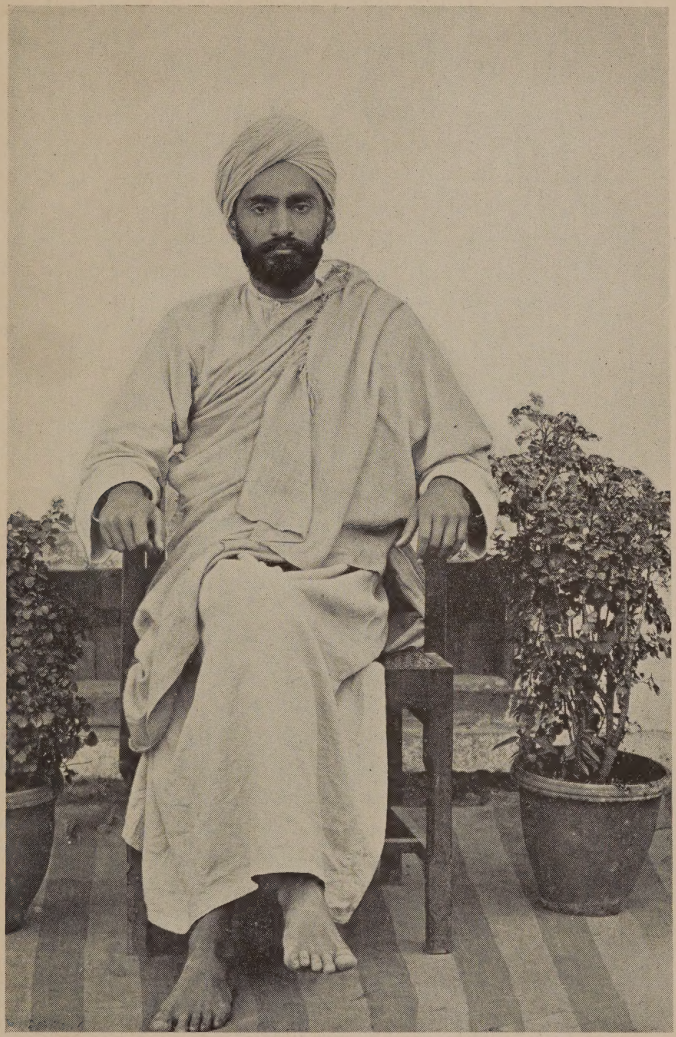
School reopened immediately following the close of the convention. How my heart was made to rejoice in the change that had come over that little girl. All the teachers and girls noticed it. Hands and face scoured clean, hair neatly combed, dress buttoned, desk tidy, and a bright smile for everybody! Love was now reigning where selfishness and wilfulness had held sway.

Many other girls had received an uplift at that convention, and when school reopened, the prayer room meant more than ever before.

Then Sundar Singh came!

I had forgotten the exact date of his expected arrival and no one met him at the station. I met him first as I was crossing the road to the Little Church. I saw a tall, slender man clad in a saffron robe that reached to his ankles, standing before me, with such a look of peace on his face as I had seldom seen before. Who could it be! Then quick as a flash I remembered and said, "Are you Sundar Singh, the one for whose coming we have prayed so many times?" He smiled his reply; then I apologized for my forgetfulness and asked him to accompany me into the drawing room and have a cup of tea.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance with one whose deep spiritual life brought blessing to me and mine. It is only in India that this



SUNDAR SINGH.

"The Apostle of the Bleeding Feet." The evangelist who is giving himself devotedly to the spread of the gospel in India and over its borders.

life of self-denial can be understood, and even there, where the ascetic life appeals most strongly, few there are who would deny themselves to the extent that he has done for the sake of Him whom he loves so devotedly. Viewed by our present day ideas in the western world of personal comfort and convenience, Sundar Singh had some very old-world, rather other-world conceptions. One of these was, that as far as possible he should endeavor to follow the Master's footsteps literally. He said, when questioned about why he chose this kind of life, "Christ Himself lived on the earth in poverty. He visited the poorest and simplest habitations and lived as one with the inmates."

His coming was like a breath from heaven. At times in telling of Jesus, the very gates of heaven seemed to open and permit us ravishing views of the glories that await those who, while here below, patiently bear the cross.

The five days he could give us passed all too quickly. Mornings and evenings he spoke to the school girls; the rest of the day he gave to the members of the Prem Sangat, who clung to his every word. The wife of the one who was made to sit outside the purified place and eat his food, so far relented that she cooked a meal with her own hands and served it to both Sundar Singh and her husband as they sat side by side like

brothers in that home. Many men of the town came out and had long heart-to-heart talks with him. Notwithstanding his long, full days of work, sometimes not touching his bed until midnight, he always rose early and repaired to a mango grove a quarter of a mile distant for his morning devotions. One who followed him secretly into the grove to watch him as he prayed returned with a look of awe on his face and said, "He is a saint of God."

One of the wee girlies in the school was greatly disturbed because he wore no shoes. She was an orphan, and her spending money was only eight cents each month. She came to me and lamented that she did not have enough money in hand to buy a pair of shoes for the dear brother. In telling Sundar Singh about the little one's concern because of his bare feet, he was touched, and said, "Tell my little sister that even my feet are being used for the glory of Him whose feet bled for me." Then he recounted how once on a trip in the mountains when his feet were swollen and bleeding from the stony paths, that a fellow traveler's heart was so touched when he learned why this man had forsaken all for Jesus, that he gave his heart to the Lord and brought others with him. This satisfied the little girl and all the others who sympathized and they said,

"Now we understand; he has presented his body a *living* sacrifice."

His last sermon, preached in the Little Church to a full house on the morning he left Pathankot, seemed like a direct message from heaven. His text was, "Behold, I come quickly: hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." He preached as one who knew the Bridegroom was at hand and that the door would soon be shut. Oh, how earnestly he pleaded for all indifference to be put away! Soon the trumpet would sound and the watching, waiting ones would be caught up in the air to meet the Lord and to remain with Him forever. His fine features glowed with fervor and feeling as he carried his audience with him right up to the very gate of heaven.

The men of the Prem Sangat accompanied him down to the station, after he had said good-bye to all his little sisters in the school. One of the members bought his ticket to the place of his next service.

All that Saturday as the girls washed and swept and dusted, they talked over the wonderful things the brother had told them. They were all experiencing a sense of nearness to Jesus which they had not felt before.

Some were greatly impressed by what Sundar Singh had said about our guardian angels, always

present with us, day and night, beholding all that we do, and how grieved they must be when we keep on doing wrong things.

I spent the afternoon in the home of one of my dear girls who was dying. Married five years before, a widow for the past three years, with a little daughter aged four, Kishnee now lay dying from that dread disease, tuberculosis, which she had contracted from her husband. She was the eldest of my seven "famine" daughters, and the best. Never once had Kishnee given me a moment's worry, neither in school nor afterwards in her husband's home. His people all praised her and said, "She is one in a thousand." Poor Kishnee had a hard life, full of suffering, but no word of complaint ever escaped her lips. Little Grace ran in and out of the room that afternoon, not realizing that in a few short hours, she too would be left a little fatherless, motherless child. Sometimes Kishnee would whisper, "Be good to my little girl; train her as you trained me; take her into your school."

She listened as well as she could between paroxysms of coughing while I read sweet words of comfort from the old book. At four o'clock Sabbath morning, when the first glimpse of dawn was beginning to show, she passed over into the sunshine of God's perfect day. Having been a great favorite in the school all the girls felt her

death keenly, especially when they took the little motherless girl into their arms, but they rejoiced that she had entered in behind the pearly gates and was now standing in the presence of Him whom she loved. The "famine way" led many of India's sons and daughters into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

In India where the climate is so warm, the dead are quickly buried, usually on the day of death. Kishnee's funeral was arranged to take place at five o'clock Sabbath evening.

At three o'clock the temperance band of girls went over to the Little Church to hold their regular monthly meeting. I was in my study talking with a guest, when the door opened abruptly and one of the oldest girls said in tones of great excitement, "O, Miss Sahiba, do come over quickly to the church. Something has happened." Snatching up my hat and excusing myself to the guest, I hurried out through the gate, across to the church with the messenger. On the way I heard the sound of bitter weeping coming from the church. Entering I found every girl with her face down on the pew in front of her weeping and praying. I heard one of the older girls saying, "It was my sins that pierced with nails Thy dear hands, that put the thorns on Thy brow, and drove the spear into Thy side. Oh, what shall I do? My sins! My sins!"

Another was heard saying, "Yes, dear Lord, I can see Thee on the cross and Thy suffering was all for me." Listening, I understood. These who were being led up to this view of the Great Sacrifice were most earnest Christian girls, leaders in the Christian activities of the school, but God had something greater for them to do and had now come in mighty cleansing power to make for Himself deep, broad and clean channels, and I thanked Him.

Those, who on hearing the noise made by the weeping had come into the church, were prevented that afternoon from interfering with the work of the Holy Spirit. Other girls from the dormitories came running over and were soon under conviction of sin. The missionaries who stood by praying for these stricken hearts were themselves, a few days later, to be helped into deeper spiritual experience by some of these little ones who became living channels.

Finally, when the sobbing died away, I learned what had taken place. The girls belonging to the temperance band were all seated in the church waiting for the program to begin, when their leader arose and said, "Girls, you know how busy we've been all week with the extra meetings held by our brother, in addition to our regular duties, and I've not had time to make any preparation for this meeting. I'm sorry. What shall we do

with this hour?" A girl arose and said, "Let us spend it in prayer." To this all agreed and instantly every head was bowed reverently. One led off, but after a few broken sentences she burst into tears, sobbing over the vision given her of the sufferings of the Lord in her behalf; others feeling the same sorrow began weeping too. Then it was that one ran across the road to call me.

As the time drew near for the funeral services to be conducted, the girls began to grow quieter and brushed away the tears that kept filling their eyes. Two and two the school followed the white casket down the mile of road to the cemetery. What a dreary spot it had always seemed! No marble shaft or headstone there to mark the resting places of the sainted dead. Two or three of the graves had a bit of masonry over them, while the others were only earth-covered mounds. Tall grass and a cactus hedge hid the lonely spot from the gaze of passersby. Yes, it was lonely, but that evening with the sun setting as the loved remains of Kishnee were let down gently into the newly made grave, heaven's glory seemed so near, so real, that the veil of separation scarcely hid it from the vision. It seemed to me I could almost hear Kishnee's voice joining the angels' as they sang praises to Him.

Monday and Tuesday the work went on as usual in the school, with one exception. I asked the teachers to excuse from recitations any who might wish to slip away for a little time of prayer in the prayer room. I realized that there would be some carrying burdens too heavy to bear alone.

By Wednesday conviction of sin was being felt outside the school. Early in the morning one of the Prem Sangat came and said, "O, Miss Sahiba, Jesus Christ is here now in Pathankot in mighty power. Please close school, ring the church bell, and let all the little sisters come into the church and pray and pray that people may be aroused and saved." I consented, and from that morning until Sabbath night at nine o'clock, the church was occupied all day long, and Thursday some stayed on in prayer the whole night through.

Marvelous things took place. I can only describe it as being like a great storm. It was a spiritual warfare. All the Satanic hosts seemed arrayed against Pathankot. The burden for the souls of the people became almost unbearable. In agony many prayed. This caused a terrible onslaught of the enemy, and it seemed at times that flesh would fail under the strain, but God gave victory.

The last three days all preaching ceased, there was no audible praying, and only praises went up from the church. As we sang praises, people flocked into the Little Church; those came who had never seen the church before. Hindu and Mohammedan men came and removing their turbans fell down on their faces crying out, "O, we want God's blessing, too." Many took Bibles back to their homes.

One afternoon I was perplexed for a moment when I saw a group of heavily veiled women coming down the fort road toward the church, for the church just then was filled with men of the town, and I knew how embarrassed the women would be if, on entering the church, they should find the men there, but quickly remembering that the Holy Spirit was leading and guiding, I sang on. Just as the women were about to enter the side door of the church, the audience of men, without having seen the women arose as one man and left by the front door so that the women glided quietly into their empty seats. The memory of the sweet little faces of the babies and tiny children that accompanied these non-Christian mothers can never be forgotten. The music which was heavenly music seemed to strike a chord in their little hearts, and as our girls sang the little ones smiled and some held out their little arms to be taken into ours. All

fear had left them. Even they felt the heavenly atmosphere.

The "praying bands" of the school had now become "praising bands." Since it was impossible for any one to sing continuously from morning until night, the girls divided themselves into four groups of twenty each for singing. Each group sang one hour and a half. As one group left by the front door of the church another was ready to enter by the side door so that there was no break in the singing.

By Saturday opposition had largely disappeared and the sweetness of the heavenly fellowship can never be forgotten as the girls sang on and on.

One evening my heart was greatly touched when a group of the temperance leaders came in, dressed in pure white muslin, and sitting down on the benches said, "Please give us your Psalm books. We know God has commanded you to praise Him, and thinking you must all be weary, we have come out to help you." How they did sing over and over "Praise ye the Lord." The 148th Psalm was sung many days afterwards by the people of the town.

The Secretary always referred to that wonderful week as the time when the Holy Ghost fell on the school. Many times of spiritual refresh-

ing had some of us experienced, but nothing similar to this had I witnessed.

Some had visions and were strengthened by them. Sins were confessed and put away. The coming of the Lord became the Blessed Hope. God taught us that He would have us sing His praises on earth while the saints in glory and the angels praise Him in heaven.

As we were singing one night a humble, illiterate Christian brother cried out, "Girls sing on. I see the angels singing with you. Your voices blended with theirs are reaching the throne of God."

Dear friends, you who have read in this simple recital some of the things that God did through the believing prayers of a few of India's girls, have you caught the vision of what might be accomplished if all the Christian organizations in America would become praying bands? Do you not see that individuals, homes, villages, yes even towns and cities in our foreign fields might be swept into the kingdom if only incessant, importunate prayer should be organized? I fear that we in America have not yet entered in the slightest degree into fellowship with Christ in the matter of intercession.

God grant we may get such a clear conception of what prayer can accomplish that "praying bands" shall be formed in all our homes, neigh-

borhoods and places of worship. Will you not choose some town, city, or district in some one of the foreign fields and pray on until it is evangelized?

Faith laughs at obstacles. Let us ask our *great* God to do *great things.*

This comes from
C. W. Eldredge
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Milw

HV5197 .I4C18
The power-house at Pathankot : what some
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